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NOTICES.

The following notices, (some of which relate to the first edition of the work,) will serve to show in what estimation the subject of the present biography was held by those who knew him most intimately, and whose judgment should be greatly respected.

From the Rev. Mr. Stearns, pastor of a Presbyterian church in Newburyport, Mass.

The memoir and sermons of the Rev. Albert W. Duy are worthy of a permanent place in our religious literature. Such purity and simplicity of character, such unaffected modesty joined with talents of so high an order, such clear and just apprehensions of the truths of the gospel, such singleness of purpose, elevation of aims and fervor of devotion, are rarely united in the same person. The character is one which we contemplate with unabating pleasure, were it only for its moral and spiritual beauty. He wore the garment of heaven, as one already dressed for his journey thither; and his Master, by whose grace he was thus arrayed, translated him, perhaps the earlier on that account, to the service of the church above.

The memoir is a beautiful tribute from a fellow-student, to one from whom he had received the greatest of human favours, incitement to increased Christian faithfulness and devotion. I would wish that the young generally, and especially the students and candidates for the Christian ministry, in all denominations, might imbibe the spirit of the sentiments, and be animated by the lovely example, brought to view in this volume.

JONATHAN F. STEARNS.

Newburyport, April 13, 1847.

From the Christian Witness, Boston.

That a youth, but twenty-three years of age, should be able to write sermons worth publishing, is not a little singular; that he should write sermons which have been pronounced, by one of the best judges in our country, models in every respect, is truly astonishing.

From the Rev. Dr. Stone.

Brooklyn, Dec. 30, 1846.

MR. SAML. A. CLARK,

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great pleasure and equal profit, your memoir of the late Rev. A. W. Duy, with the sermons appended. So deeply am I impressed with the rare excellence and eminence of Mr. Duy's Christian character, and so thoroughly am I convinced that the influence of the memoir upon the young in the

church of Christ must be good in proportion to the extent of its circulation, that I am constrained to express the hope that you will consent to prepare a second edition of the memoir alone for publication by the American Sunday-school Union. The sermons, of course, would be omitted in such a second edition; not, however, because they are unworthy of republication, but because they are unsuited, as all other sermons are, to such works as the publications of the Union. I consider Mr. Duy's sermons as uncommon productions for one so young as he was when he died. There is a maturity, both of theology and of thought in them, which indicated a mind of uncommon power;—while the spirit or piety, which they uniformly breathe, is such as could have lived in no heart less undividedly consecrated to Christ than was that of their gifted and lamented author. Most earnestly do I hope that the sale of the whole edition will be speedily effected; that it may the sooner be followed by its desired successor.

Truly your friend and brother,

JOHN S. STONE.

From the Rev. Dr. Tyng.

I have read with surprise and delight the sermons and other remains of the Rev. Albert W. Duy, late assistant to the rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn. They are, in my opinion, the evidences of a maturity of judgment and character, which, at the early age of twenty-two years, is exceedingly rare. I am rejoiced to hear that another edition of the memoir of this faithful young minister is to be published. STEPHEN H. TYNG.

St. George's, New York, Dec. 31, 1846.

From the Rev. Dr. Cutler.

MR. SAMUEL A. CLARK, *Brooklyn, Jan.* 4, 1847.

DEAR SIR,—I rejoice that the success which has attended the publication of the Rev. Mr. Duy's memoir and sermons has encouraged you to undertake, from the materials which are in your possession, to prepare a memoir of that excellent young minister for Sunday-schools. Should you succeed in this as you have in your first publication, your satisfaction must be great—but the benefit derived from it must be still greater. I know not a book of the kind which has been more highly prized by its readers than the memoir and sermons of Mr. Duy. More than three hundred copies have been sold and read in my parish, and have awakened universal admiration and approval. As the experience and productions of a youth, not old enough for priest's orders, and who lived only about eight month's after his ordination as a deacon, they have been rarely if ever excelled. One of the oldest and ablest of our divines has said, he would be content with the meed of praise which these sermons deserve.

Most affectionately yours,

B. C. CUTLER.

From the Portsmouth, (N. H.) Journal.

This beautifully printed and bound volume contains the writings and life of a young minister of the gospel, who had scarcely en-

tered upon his work, before he was called home to his reward in heaven Early in his literary course he evinced a high order of talent, and his discourses show the diligence with which he prosecuted his studies, and the complete success which attended his efforts to discipline his mind.

But what is of more importance, Mr. Duy was a man of deep spirituality, and the extracts which Mr. Clark has given us from his private journal, show that he knew what it was to commune with God and guard his heart against the influences and temptations of the world. The duty of self-examination was one that he faithfully discharged, and he seems ever to have acted under the consciousness that an omniscient eye was upon him, and that he must so live as to be ready at any moment to render up his account. We are persuaded that no one can rise up from a perusal of this work without feeling his own soul refreshed and benefited.

From the Banner of the Cross.

Mr. Duy was one of those instances which are not of very frequent occurrence, but are sometimes found, in which piety, deep and constant, manifests itself at a very early age.

At six years old he "commenced the daily practice of reading the Holy Scriptures, with prayer, a habit which to his last hours was maintained with conscious fidelity." The character which thus early gave token of the influence of divine grace in the heart, seems to have been preserved to this excellent young man through life. The extracts from his diary, which are given in the memoir, show how deeply his spirit was imbued with religious principle, and the influence which it exerted on his life.

From the Protestant Churchman.

Brief as was the ministerial career of the Rev. Mr. Duy, it was rich with the fruits of unreserved self-consecration to his high and holy work. There is something very soothing and delightful in the contemplation of a life like his. It offers us a relief from the excitement occasioned by a close inspection of that turbulent and ruthless collision of sublunary interests which is constantly going on around us, and which drives away all recollection of *the rest that is reserved for the people of God.* It brings before us as a most touching reality, the earthly course of a truly Christian man, as one of sanctity and benevolence, the end of which is peace.

The memorials of our young brother preserved in this volume, in the simple notice of his life, his labours, and his sudden but happy death, in the extracts from his journals and the excellent sermons he has left behind him, will be hardly less grateful to the wide circle of his Christian friends than the most elaborate biography. They exhibit him as he was, an earnest, humble-minded, laborious servant of the Redeemer, whose desire was to give himself unreservedly to the work to which that Redeemer had called him. His gentle and lovely character is portrayed in them, free from exaggeration or disguise, in clear, truthful outlines "without partiality and without hypocrisy."

From the Newburyport (Mass.) Courier.

The book is a deeply interesting and instructive biography of a most gifted, eloquent, and pious young clergyman, who has been early translated from this to another world; but who has left with us such a record of himself, as cannot fail of inciting others to imitate his shining example, and to raise their hopes and aspirations to "the glories of an immortal state."

Though cut off at the early age of twenty-three, Mr. Duy has yet impressed his mark upon the world, and has done a signal service for mankind, in the exhibition of a pure and lofty soul, directing all its energies, with steadfast zeal and simplicity of purpose, to the mastery of this world's temptations, and to laying hold on the noble destinies of the world to come.

Mr. Duy's mind was of the highest order of intellect, and his heart seems to have been imbued, through every period of his brief career, with the deepest and most ardent feelings of devotion; and no man can peruse the records of his religious experience, without catching something of that celestial fire with which his bosom ever glowed.

From the Newburyport (Mass.) Herald.

The subject of this biography was a remarkable man. His intellectual and moral powers were early developed, and were of the highest order; his taste was elevated and refined, and his piety warm, deep, and consistent. His early death, at the age of twenty-three, has deprived the church of one of her most brilliant ornaments. The golden bowl of his beautiful life was soon broken, yet in passing through the "thorny maze" of a dark and troublous world, he has left a line of light which will guide many a traveller to a better home above. The sermons of Mr. Duy are considered models of this kind of composition, and his letters and diary are written in a pure and finished style, while at the same time they breathe forth the most exalted sentiments of devotion. No person can read this volume without imbibing something of the meek and lovely spirit of piety and of "good will to men" which beams from every page of it. We would therefore most earnestly invite the attention of our young men to this well-written book of religious biography, from which they will derive more real benefit than from the perusal of a thousand of the frivolous and catch-penny publications of the day.

From the United States Gazette, Phila.

We are glad to receive this record of the brief course of a brilliant genius, early called from his earthly labours. The thirteen sermons which are gathered into the volume are fitly prefaced with a biographical notice of his life and character, and in this are unfolded a purity of spirit, an earnestness in his sacred vocation, a deep and enduring piety and trustfulness in the eternal promise which combine to hallow his memory, and cause mingled motions of regret and happiness—regret that a light which was beginning to shed lustre upon the church was so suddenly and early extinguished, and happiness that, amid the world and its contaminations, he held his spirit so pure, and purposes so unalloyed with worldly feeling.

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MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. ALBERT W. DUY, A. M.

LATE ASSISTANT MINISTER OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BY THE

REV. SAMUEL A. CLARK.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION

BY THE

REV. BENJAMIN C. CUTLER, D.D.

PUBLISHED FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, AND
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INTRODUCTION.

WHEN THE FRUIT IS BROUGHT FORTH, IMMEDIATELY HE PUTTETH IN THE SICKLE, BECAUSE THE HARVEST IS COME.*—This is certainly the practice of men. They watch carefully their fields of grain, and the very day on which they consider it ripe or fully brought forth, they put in the sickle and gather the golden sheaves into their garners. Such, too, is the practice of the Heavenly Husbandman. He watches over the plants of righteousness, which he has made to grow; sends the early and the latter rain, and causes the sun to ripen the fruit; and when, to his perfect vision, the harvest is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, and his treasures are secured.

But few such cases may have occurred within our observation, and therefore they strike us with surprise. But it may be that this is the unvarying rule of the great Lord of the harvest. Hundreds and thousands of such harvests may have been reaped beyond the field of our vision, and

* St. Mark iv. 29.

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the angels, who are the reapers, may now be preparing to put the sickle into other fields, which, to our view, might far better be left still to grow.

Ripeness for Heaven, then, is the condition in which it should be expected that the soul of man would be called into the presence of God; and whether that ripeness is reached in a few, or in many years, is comparatively a matter of little importance. That the period of harvest is not an entirely arbitrary one, however, we have good reason to believe. Had those, whose unexpected removal from the church has awakened our astonishment and grief, been less favoured in their early years; had they been left to follow out the devices and desires of their own hearts; had they grown up in neglect of the privileges of the Sabbath; had they refused to listen to the voice of the charmer, as by the lips of Sunday-school teachers and other faithful and pious friends and counsellors, charming never so wisely, they might indeed have been longer in coming to maturity; and if saved at all, might have been saved at the latest period of life, and "like as by fire;" but since, then, God has opened a new and powerful means of ripening Christian character, it must not awaken our surprise that the righteous are taken away so early from the evil to come.

For suppose that usefulness to the church be the

single object we have in view, in wishing to detain the servants of Christ. How is it possible for us to decide, which, in the end, will be most useful to the church, the death of a young and distinguished divine, or his life? Our horizon is too circumscribed, and our views are too limited. We think only of the usefulness of a minister when he is addressing an audience, who may or who may not have "ears to hear." We think only of the present additions which he may make to the ranks of the faithful, or to those of the ministry. But it is possible, that although dead "he may be able to speak. Though his body may be confined to the narrow-house, and his lips may be closed and sealed, yet his mind is not dead. His talent is not buried in the earth."

Some kindred mind has kindled at the flame which burned so brightly in his bosom, and, filled with admiration, has imbodied the thoughts, the principles, the piety, the zeal of the departed, in a living monument, which shall perpetuate his memory, immeasurably enlarge the sphere of his influence, and continue to infuse his own sentiments into the bosoms of rising generations, so long as the sun and the moon shall endure.

Henry Kirke White departed this life in 1806, at the early age of twenty-one. But who can predict the day when his name shall be forgotten?

Thomas Spencer was drowned at Liverpool, August 5th, 1811, at the age of twenty-one years, just after he had entered on his ministry, in which he proved himself a burning and a shining light. But did the waters of the Mersey open a grave of oblivion for the youthful victim? No. The impression he had made on the mind of his generation burned to be imbodied in some more permanent and imperishable form, and it was done; and who can tell the number of souls which that volume has inflamed with the love of Christ, and with unquenchable zeal in his service?

Mr. *A. W. Duy*, the subject of these memoirs, died at his father's house, in Philadelphia, (his native city,) April the 19th, 1846, at the early age of twenty-three. He had been labouring in the ministry for little less than a year. He was blest with perfect health, and distinguished by a dignified, manly, and impressive figure. He preached only four days before he died, and had not one hour's distinct intimation of his summons to depart and be with Christ.

Now, had Mr. Duy been the most ordinary and humble instrument which Divine Providence ever called to the work of the ministry, his early approval by the church, his active usefulness in the vineyard, together with his sudden call from labour to rest, would have awakened astonishment and

excited in sorrowing friends the profoundest grief. But Mr. Duy was not an ordinary man. He was richly endowed with gifts and graces, and his whole course of preparation for usefulness had awakened the prophecies of admiring friends. He ascended at length to the post of usefulness which he sought; and there he stood from week to week during nearly the revolution of a year: reflecting from his own clear and polished mind the light of divine truth, until in an hour when he thought not of it the "Son of Man came."

This was indeed the end of his visible administration. His body sunk into the sleep of the grave; but his spirit still survives and influences living men, and his example is preserved in the present form, that to the young as well as to the old he yet may speak.

The following memoir will lay open the secret springs that moved the heart and mind of our lamented friend, and conducted him up to usefulness and honour. Yet it can convey but a faint idea of that portraiture of the Christian and the minister which his life exhibited. There has rarely been combined such simplicity and spirituality, such youthful elasticity and manly vigour, such gentleness of manners and decision of character, as were seen in him. He was just what God made him, "a plant grown up in its youth," "of a

healthful constitution, a quick capacity, and especially of a pious inclination." As such, he is worthy of imitation by the young; what divine grace made this young minister, it may make the youthful reader of his memoirs.

It visited him at an early period, and he yielded to its onward and upward guidance. To the graces of the spirit he laboured to add the gifts of learning, mental discipline, zeal, and diligence, and sitting at the feet of approved masters in Israel, he came forth from their instructions an "able minister of the New Testament," not of the letter but of the spirit; whose praise is not of men but of God.

BENJAMIN C. CUTLER,
Rector of St. Ann's church, Brooklyn, New York.

April 19, 1847.

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MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. ALBERT W. DUY.

CHAPTER I.

MR. DUY'S EARLY LIFE.

ALBERT WILLIAM DUY was born in the city of Philadelphia, April 9, 1823. In his childhood he was remarkable for the evenness of his temper, for his keen sense of right and wrong, and for the readiness with which he imbibed knowledge. His whole deportment, when a child, was that of one born of God; and so consistent was his character that his parents say they never knew *when* Albert became a Christian. Indeed, our departed brother has declared, that he believed he always loved God. His infant lips often

breathed out the words of prayer, and in his earliest days he commenced that walking with God, for which, in after years, he was so eminent. The idea that he must become a minister of the gospel, was one of the first which impressed his mind; and when a prattling child, often has he been found alone, imitating in his little sanctuary the public services of God's house. At the age of six years, the subject of our notice commenced the daily practice of reading the Holy Scriptures, with prayer—a habit, which, to his last hours, was maintained with conscientious fidelity. In his school-boy days, his manners and habits were such that he endeared himself to his playmates, and was an especial favourite and confidant (we might almost say) of all his teachers. One of them writes: "It is a satisfaction to me to say, that I remember no instance in which we have ever had to disagree. On the contrary, I have frequently been indebted to him for assistance, in the maintenance of good order, especially in my dealings with the first division; and I most cheerfully embrace the present opportunity of acknowledging my obligations."

The same principle which governed the

man was manifest in the youth—a strict adherence to what was right. Endowed with a strong memory, the acquisition of knowledge was easy to him, and frequently after once hearing a discourse, he would repeat it, in nearly the same words in which it was delivered.

On the 23d of December, 1831, he was dedicated to God in the solemn rite of baptism, in St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, which was then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Bedell. Seven years after this, we find our young friend desirous to become a communicant in the church where he had been baptized; and to the questions proposed to him, in order to learn his fitness for confirmation, he gave the following answers, in writing. It is not often that we find a mere lad of only fifteen years of age, able to state his belief in the fundamental doctrines of religion in so clear and full a manner. These answers are such as may be pondered over with profit, not only by the young, but by those of mature years. We omit the questions to which these are replies, as their import may easily be gathered from the declarations alone.

"1. I acknowledge and feel that I am a

sinner. I know this by the sins which I commit every day. As nothing but a life without sin can fulfil God's commandments, and as I am a sinner, I am most justly condemned before Him, and must certainly perish but for His mercy, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.

"2. I acknowledge the necessity of repentance; for it is contrary to reason and Scripture to suppose that God would pardon and receive any sinner, who did not heartily repent of his sins. I believe that I have repented of my sins, because I have felt a real sorrow for them. I have felt that I was not a child of God, but a sinner condemned to everlasting destruction. I could not be happy in this state when I knew that I was living in sin and ingratitude towards my Heavenly Father.

"3. I acknowledge the necessity of a change of heart, or a new birth unto righteousness. I hope that I have experienced this change; for I now feel willing to devote myself to God. I hope I love Him, and though that love is, in comparison with what it ought to be, but as the smoking flax, yet Christ will not quench it.

"4. I look upon the Lord Jesus Christ as a

divine Saviour, who took our nature upon him and died on the cross, as an all-sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the world.

"5. As a sinner before God, I feel utterly unable to save myself; for even if I could, for the time to come, live a spotless life, and this I could never do; yet that could not atone for past sins. Since, then, I cannot save myself, I rest all my hopes of pardon and acceptance on Jesus Christ.

"6. I believe in the Holy Spirit as the sanctifier, the guide, and comforter of the people of God; and I think that I am entirely incapable, without his influence, to turn myself to the service of God.

"7. I believe that the Bible is the word of God, and take it as my rule of faith and duty, considering it a privilege and a pleasure daily to read a portion of it, and pray to my Father, 'who seeth in secret.'

"8. I believe that I am bound to give up my heart and life to the service of God. Not only does gratitude demand this, but God has a *right* to me; for he has made me, and I am his.

"9. I believe it to be my solemn duty to make a public profession of religion; and I

feel that it will be incumbent upon me to maintain a consistent profession.

"10. I do not know of any duty of which I am living in the omission; and so far as I know, I am living in charity with all men.

"11. My opinion of theatres, balls, games of chance, and all other worldly amusements, is, that they are decidedly wrong.

"12. I believe that I could not, with any kind of consistency, engage in these things.

"13. I do not love these things now. I never have loved them; for God has granted to me a blessing which all do not enjoy, in my having been early taught to consider them as very wicked.

"14. If I ever should be led astray in relation to these things, I ought to conclude that I have made a fearful step towards ruin. In such a case, I hope my pastor would reprove me, and exhort me to forsake the ways of sin, and return again to that path which leads towards heaven.

"15. I esteem Sunday-travelling and visiting (except in cases of necessity and mercy) to be inconsistent with a Christian profession.

"16. I believe regular, daily, family worship

to be a duty incumbent upon the head of a family.

"17. I believe that I should be much engaged in advancing the Lord's cause by every lawful means.

"18. I feel steadfastly resolved, by the help of God, 'to live as becometh the gospel'—to do all the good I can, and 'continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant,' unto my life's end.

"19. I am willing and desirous that whenever I deviate from the path of duty, my pastor should faithfully reprove and admonish me.

"20. I have prayed over these questions, and answered them sincerely, and in the fear of God."

Soon after these replies were given, in April, 1838, the author of them was admitted to the communion in St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, and in the autumn of the same year he entered the University of Pennsylvania, where he was diligent in his studies, and enjoyed the confidence of the officers and the love of his fellow-students. His progress in literature and science, for an accurate knowledge of which he had a strong desire, does

not appear to have hindered his growth in grace; and his journal shows that though college life may present strong temptations to neglect religion, still there never can be any necessity at college for the decline of vital godliness; though the course of too many youths would lead us to suppose there is.

A few resolutions copied from a diary commenced in 1840, are worthy of notice.

"I. To remember that it is my DUTY to improve the talents and advantages committed to and bestowed on me; and that I am BOUND *to attend faithfully and diligently to my studies.*

"II. To do all that I can, consistently with a proper regard for my health and other duties, to fulfil my *duty* and *obligation*, as mentioned above;

"1. I will rise each morning so as to be ready for study by six o'clock.

"2. I will try to secure one and a half hours from the three before college time, for study; the rest of the time being occupied with family duties, attending worship, &c.

"3. Of the two hours between my return at noon and dinner, I will devote the first to *devotion*, and the second to study.

"4. My afternoon shall be devoted, as far as necessary, to study, after three and a half o'clock."

These resolves, which we have good reason to believe were faithfully put in practice, will serve to show that this youthful disciple well considered the preciousness of time, and the importance of improving his opportunities. But since this fact will best appear from his own writings, we shall make copious extracts from our friend's journal, which he commenced in 1840, and in which, under date of April 7, he thus writes: "That was a good resolution of Bishop Beveridge, that when he was engaged in pious meditations, he would admit no thought (though good of itself) which had not a bearing upon the subject of his contemplation. If this is allowed, our good thoughts are apt to be lost; for we divide our forces, and then the enemy has a fair chance of conquering us. Instead of keeping the fort we are in, we send off part of our troops to build up another, and then the Prince of Darkness captures first one of our divisions, and then the other."

In his entry of April 8, 1840, being the anniversary of his admission to the communion

of the church, he says: "Well may I remember it with lively emotions of joy and gratitude.

"'Oh, happy day, that stays my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness all abroad!'

"Since that happy day two years have elapsed, and I hope I am that much nearer to heaven, where I expect to arrive at last through the perfect merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. For what else could a poor sinner plead? Often have I been 'ashamed of Jesus!' Often have I dishonoured my profession, and by my conduct countenanced the ways of sinners. My love and gratitude have been as cold as my sins have been abundant, and my faith has been as weak as either; but—

"'There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners bathed beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.'"

* * * "When I look back on by-gone days, and see all the way that the Lord hath brought me, I cannot but be filled with gratitude and hope; yet how weak are these feelings!" * * *

"Perpetual is my warfare; omnipotent is my Defender. Horrible and numberless are my sins; infinite is the grace that saves me; and while I tread the path of life, I would look to the cross of Jesus, and when I lie on a bed of death, it is on that cross I would gaze. Humbly do I hope that I am (at least slowly) growing in grace." * * * "Yet I still fall far below even a tolerable spirituality of mind. Why do I use such an expression? My condition will never be *tolerable*. Till I reach the gates of heaven, I hope never to tolerate my attainments, but to 'press towards the mark' with unabated ardour, till I gain it. Stop one minute to rest, and the enemy gains on me. No! fight—fight—fight without cessation, till I gain a new victory, and am crowned with that diadem which awaits those who trust in the Saviour. But let me remember that in all this there is *no merit*. Though I daily grow better, one evidence of it will be that I daily consider myself worse and worse. Though I daily love God more and more, I may know this to be the case by my seeing him to be still more and more lovely. So the standard of perfection will ever seem to be far above me, and as I rise, the mark will seem to rise

too. To that mark I can never come; but, blessed be God, I do not hope to be accepted by Him because I do right, but because JESUS DIED FOR ME! I am utterly sinful, and only hope to be accepted by a sin-hating God, through the merit of the crucified and risen Saviour of the world. Blessed thought; yes, *blessed thought!* that in all our sins we can look to the cross of Christ and have hope.

"Oh! the amazing riches of free grace. Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God. 'What shall we say then?' Shall we sin that grace may abound? God forbid. For how shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?' Oh! for more glowing love to Jesus, and a greater hatred of sin—sin which caused his death.

"With great delight, I record the goodness of God in converting those around me. Last Sunday evening nearly seventy persons promised to be on the Lord's side. Among those were E. R. and his two sisters. It is a blessed thing when any soul is converted, but what a blessing it is for the young who are surrounded with so much temptation, solemnly to decide to devote their *whole life* to the Lord. The sight makes my heart glad.

How much better it is than to wait till old age comes on, with the purpose of giving to God those dregs of life which the world will not receive. Oh! if the angels rejoice over a returning sinner, their song surely must be longer and louder when they see youth devoted to the Lord. Not because there is any merit in this devotion, however. It is our *duty*, and what merit is there in doing our whole duty, and what merit then in doing so small a part of it? So, I see no human merit, wherever I turn; and I sing again the song which I hope to shout with all the heavenly hosts of angels and archangels, for ever and ever: that song which is fit for angel's lips, and heavenly voices: that holy song:

"'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever.' Oh! that earth would echo back that song of heaven—'Worthy is the Lamb!'"

CHAPTER II.

FROM HIS SEVENTEENTH YEAR TO HIS LEAVING COLLEGE.

Enough has been written in the preceding chapter to show that young Duy possessed a mind of no common order, and a heart that had been carefully watched, and sedulously restrained. Yet with all this, he was buoyant and cheerful, he enjoyed the sports in which he engaged with his schoolmates, and his mild and gentle, though firm and manly character secured for him both love and respect. His religion was not of a gloomy cast; he rightly thought that those who were true Christians have more abundant reason for happiness, and are better prepared to appreciate the pleasures which God has bestowed, than they who follow the ways of sin, and are the bond-slaves of Satan. The mistaken notion which many young persons have, that if they are religious, they must necessarily be sad and desponding, and give up all participation in

the innocent amusements common to youth, does not seem to have affected the subject of this notice; on the contrary, he entered with a hearty good-will into the plans of his playmates, and in their excursions for pleasure always joined. And yet, all amusements were of a secondary consideration with him, and his true joy was found in things pertaining to God. The record of his reflections which follows will be read with interest.

"April 9, 1840. My birthday has come again, and I am seventeen years old. What will the next seventeen years bring forth! Oh, what a question! Before that time I shall have to act for myself in the wide world. Before that time many whom I now love may be sleeping in death. And how possible it is that when seventeen years are gone, and before that time, I shall be gone too. The goodness and mercy of God, which have been extended to me ever since I was born, should on this day excite peculiarly lively sentiments of love and gratitude to Him who has watched over me and brought me thus far on the journey of life. If ever any mortal had cause for thankfulness, I have. The child of Christian parents, I have been blessed with all the delights of

Christian home, and all the advantages of a Christian education. Ten thousand blessings have come with each returning day, and each returning night has beheld the goodness of God to me. While others have been pining in poverty and disease, I have been kept in prosperity and comfort; I have enjoyed a degree of health which I have little deserved, for how thankless and wicked I have been!" * * * "Here we are a united family on earth. May we be such in heaven! In this respect, too, I have been blessed above others. How many are called upon to weep over the grave of a dear parent, or brother, or sister; but I am blessed with these. A couple of weeks ago I helped to carry the remains of little C—— C —— to the grave, and there her coffin was deposited with five others, which contain the bodies of her brothers and sisters, who had died before her. Six times have her parents been called upon to give back those children which 'the Lord gave.' But we are stil living, the monuments of the mercy of our Heavenly Father. 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' Oh, how should I thank the Lord for 'creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for his inestimable

love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ!' "

"April 11, 1840. To-morrow is the *Sabbath*—the *rest*, and I have a particular desire to spend it in a holy manner. If nothing prevents, I purpose to attend the meeting for prayer this evening, and I hope to find that peace and holiness of spirit which is so valuable a preparation for the Sabbath and its duties. I hope and pray that hereafter I may find more delight from the services of the sanctuary than I have done, and I am resolved, *by the grace of God*, to spend to-morrow's sacred hours in as entire forgetfulness of the world; in as close communion with my Heavenly Father, and as continued and solemn devotion of heart as I possibly can. And further; to '*remember* the Sabbath-day, to keep it *holy*,' and, above all, have my thoughts *very holy*. All this I can only do by the help of God, and I know that 'this is *his will*, even *our sanctification*;' and so I would say, 'Thy will be done.' I pray for grace that I may be kept pure and '*holy*,' in thought, word, and deed; and that others may enjoy the same blessing. I ask it for the merits of our Divine Mediator."

"April 15, 1840. Yesterday afternoon I

attended the communicants' meeting. Such a meeting is, I think, peculiarly proper and profitable, for certainly some preparation is needed for the holy supper, and it is well for that preparation to be accompanied by a gathering together of the communicants, when the blessing of God can be asked upon the approaching ordinance, and some advice and instruction be imparted by the pastor. The groundwork of the pastor's address was, the inquiry addressed by his Maker to fallen Adam, 'Where art thou?' The Christian was asked, where art thou in relation to heaven?

"1. Art thou in the road to heaven?

"2. Art thou advancing in that road?

"3. Where art thou in relation to thy progress in that road? Is it ever increasing, or diminishing?

"The numerous thoughts in relation to the means of advancement, and the importance of using those means, together with other natural suggestions, formed a discourse which was, I hope, milk for the babes and meat for the full grown men. There was a word for all, and certainly I have reason to bless the Lord for permitting me to receive sound instruction and admonition. It is always delightful to hear

the words of a devoted Christian, for the fire of his love kindles the flame in other hearts, and there is a reciprocal feeling continually going on. Oh, that they who fear the Lord would speak oftener one to another of their experience in the Christian life. Surely their hearts would burn within them; Jesus would walk with them, He would make himself known to them in the breaking of bread."

Young Duy deeply felt the importance of thorough self-examination before coming to the communion, and thus closes this day's reflections.

"We should come to the Holy Supper remembering (among other things,) (1.) Our utter unworthiness and exceeding sinfulness in the sight of God. (2.) That the only ground on which we can presume to approach the feast on earth, and expect to partake of the marriage-feast in heaven, is the merit of Christ. (3.) That we eat of this supper not because we are so good as to deserve it, but so bad as to need it. (4.) The exceeding love of Christ for us and the preciousness of our redemption by his blood. (5.) Our sure and perhaps near approach to death and eternity, and our hope soon to participate in the joys of heavenly *com-*

munion with glorified saints and holy angels. (6.) The necessity of trying so to live in the church on earth that we shall be fitted to live hereafter in the church in heaven. May the Lord impress these things on my mind, and make the sacred exercises of to-morrow an everlasting benefit to my soul, and to the soul of every individual who shall commemorate the love of Jesus in the way of his appointment. I ask it through the merits of Jesus our Saviour. Amen!"

"April 20, 1840. To-morrow begins a new collegiate term. I feel the necessity of adopting some more decided course than heretofore. I must have a standard for my worldly affairs, and then come up to it." * * *

"May 4, 1840. Since the term commenced I have found my spiritual affairs growing worse instead of better! Thus it is, the things of earth and those of heaven cannot be made to agree. While we are here, we must endeavour to attend to our worldly business as a duty, and to our spiritual affairs as a pleasure, and not reverse this order as we are too prone to do. Oh, Lord, give me grace to be 'diligent in business and fervent in spirit,' by both 'serving the Lord,' and I beg for

Jesus' sake, that I may not be guilty of thoughtlessness and indifference to the great concerns of religion."

There seems to be a foretaste almost of the joys which await the redeemed, in much that we are called upon to copy from the papers of this happy youth.

On the 5th of May, 1840, he writes: "Heaven! how blessed the thought of it! There, there shall be no more sin around us to pain our hearts, for all shall be *holy*. There shall be no more sin within us to give us sorrow, for *we shall be holy*. *I* shall there be perfectly *holy*. I shall not be troubled with one evil thought, or one temptation. I shall not long for love to God, for my love shall be perfect. I shall not long for faith, for faith shall be changed into sight. I shall know and love completely, and ever know and love more and more. I shall never be cold in my praises, for eternally will I sound louder and louder the glories of redeeming grace. Oh, what a blessing! Free from sin—full of holiness—love and praise for ever overflowing—the light of Divine glory ever beaming on me! How glorious—how sweet the rest that remaineth for the people of God!"

Every one who has tasted the "gift of God" can appreciate the feelings expressed in the following extract, which, though written by one so young in years, evinces a depth of spirituality which we could hardly have expected.

"Saturday, May 16, 1840. Oh, that I were what I wish to be, what I ought to be, what I hope to be. What I wish to be;—holy, heavenly-minded, devoted to spiritual things, careless of earth. Such too I ought to be. What do I hope to be

"'Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy dwelling-place.'

"The *hope of heaven* consoles us under all our sin here. We need *consolation* under *sin*, for sin is suffering. Sin brings pain to the soul. But in heaven I shall never sin. My love will never be cold. My joy will never expire. Heaven! Oh, there I shall be *happy*, because I shall be *holy* there! *Happiness* and *holiness* go together. So do *sin* and *suffering*. To-morrow is the Sabbath. How will it pass? God only knows, and I beseech him to let it pass so that it will be pleasant for me to know. A well-spent Sunday sanctifies the soul, and

leaves us with our spiritual treasure increased beyond measure. Oh! the value of one solitary drop of heavenly love and grace to cool our parched souls in this wicked world. But the time is coming when the 'corruptible shall put on incorruption!'"

"June 15, 1840. *Glorious in holiness!*" An abiding sense of the holiness of God would be a great preservative from sin. Remember, *God hates sin.* There is a great deal in this. *God hates sin.*

"1. It is *God* that hates. 2. He *hates* it. 3. He hates all *sin.* Very important thoughts these are that arise from those three words—*God hates sin.* 'God is angry with the wicked every day.' Whenever I am doing what is wrong, God looks on me with anger. When I allow myself to sin, God frowns on me. When I neglect a known duty, God is angry all the time. When I do not listen to conscience, He is angry. And, oh! how awful is the anger of God! Who can conceive it—the displeasure of perfect holiness at sin. And how precious does Christ appear, when I reflect how I have made and do make God angry, and how much I need a mediator! By the help of God, I am

"Resolved—continually to act so that God shall not be angry with me; and when in doubt, or temptation, to remember the awful truth

"'THOU GOD SEEST ME.'"

'August 12, 1840. On Monday last I returned from a journey of about a thousand miles, and have seen and enjoyed myself very much. Many dangers, both seen and unseen, have beset me, and my life and the lives of those who were with me were in imminent danger; yet the Lord has preserved us, and all those so near and dear to us, whom we left at home. Our heavenly Father has watched over us all."

* * * * "I now return home—strengthened for my duties. I know not how my eyes will bear use, and perhaps it is the will of God that I should not continue my studies during the coming collegiate year. It would be a severe disappointment, but if it should be so, (though I hope it may not,) I would say with all my heart, '*Thy will be done.*'

"It becomes my duty, now, to attend again regularly and faithfully to the duty of private devotion. And oh! may the hour of secret prayer be to me the most delightful hour of all the day. May I delight to hold communion with

my Father in heaven—to regard him as a Father, and love him as such. May my love grow warmer—my zeal greater, and may my whole soul be given to the work of religion. These things I would pray for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"October 1, 1840. The near approach of another communion season admonishes me to be instant in prayer, faithful in examining myself, and diligent in reading the Scriptures of truth; that I may come to this heavenly feast in a holy, prayerful frame of mind, in an humble, meek, penitent, and believing state, and be well instructed in the nature of that holy supper and of those duties which I am bound to perform by the most sacred obligations—obligations which I ratify at each returning communion. I have mentioned what it would be well to do. Do I do it? Do I perform my solemn duties in these respects? No! I have time enough at my disposal, for me to devote more of it than I do, to devotional exercises. But I do not find in such exercises such pleasure as I ought. Why do I not? O Lord! wilt thou help me to answer this important question aright. I think I may attribute it to one or more of the following causes. Want of regularity in my de-

votions. Want of *watchfulness*, of *prayer*, and of *care to resist temptation*, that is, want of *obedience to my conscience*. It may be all summed up in one brief sentence—my life is not holy enough. The Lord says, 'SEEK *ye my face*'—I should do what is promised in the reply—'Thy face, Lord, will I seek.' God promises to be nigh to them that *seek* him, but to no others. He says, '*Seek*, and ye shall find;' we must do our part and he will do his."

"November 5, 1840. My heart is sad when I hear from ——. Her cup of sorrows is full. A few months ago it was not so. The smile of cheerful content was ever on her face, and her life seemed to be full of happiness. But alas! her happiness was not built upon a sure foundation, for she built upon the sand, and not upon the "Rock of ages." She professed no hope in Christ; her husband received not the offers of mercy; and though kind in heart, and excellent and moral, they lived without God and without hope in the world. Yet in one sense they were happy. Her looks and words showed the cheerfulness of her mind. But it is not so now. Her quivering nerves—her pale cheek—her sorrowing

look, all tell that it is not so now. And why? She has lost no earthly friend—all live—her children—her husband. But that husband lives a living death. The hand of an afflicting Providence is upon him, and sudden disease seizes him. Then his frame is convulsed with spasms, and afterwards he lies senseless until restored by medical aid. This always occurs in the night. Awful is the trial, though weeks may intervene between the attacks. Again one came a few nights ago. For an uncommonly long time —— had been free from his disease. Hope had begun to dawn upon them. But as she retired to rest, and lay looking upon him who occupied her thoughts, she saw with horror the ghastly look, and the dreadful convulsion. It was enough, her hopes were blasted—all gone; she dares not now look forward to a month's life for her dearest earthly friend. And as she tells the tale of her sorrows and her griefs, her flowing tears mingle with those of her helpless, and as she cannot but feel, almost fatherless, children. How hard her lot! The beating storm and lowering cloud but echo back the sadness of her heart; the bright sun shines but in mockery of her troubled spirit. But why

have I written this? It is but to show myself the condition of those who cannot cast all their care upon Him who careth for them. And such an one is this."

* * * "The earnest prayer of my soul is, Lord help them; convert them; make them to trust in thee and find peace. O Lord, bless them and theirs, in their affliction, and sanctify it; and if it is thy will remove it, for Jesus' merits and intercession. Amen."

"November 11, 1840. It is strange that while countless systems are rolling through space, God takes cognisance of this one. It is more strange that not only the solar system, but this individual planet is the object of his care. It is still stranger that each nation of the earth, each city, each family is preserved by Him. But it is strangest of all, that of the millions who now inhabit the earth, and of the myriads who have died, one of the number should be so dear to God that he would give his only son to die to save him; and that I am that one is the consummation of the wonder. Think of what he has done for me. Multiply the number of men in the world for whom he has done as much. Multiply this by generations past, who have enjoyed the like favours. Add to this

the goodness of God to all others, even though they have not had the gospel, or some of the blessings that I have had. Multiply all this vast sum, by the number of worlds in this system, and then the product by *infinity*, to denote the countless systems in the universe, and you *begin* to estimate the greatness and goodness of God. But it is only *beginning*, for 'canst thou by *searching*, find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?' "

Would it not be well if every young person, and especially every Christian, would review at the close of each year his opportunities; and inquire, as does our beloved friend, what improvement he has made, how much precious fruit he has gathered for his Master's store-house?

"December 26, 1840. The harvest is past. To-morrow will be the last Sabbath in the year, and its setting sun will remind us that another 'harvest is past.' Now I should review this harvest, and see if I have gathered as much fruit for my Lord as I could. He has put me to work in his vineyard. I am bound to spend each harvest in gathering all the fruit I can, and that will be done by spending my Sabbath days as I ought; that is, it will be done so far as my Sabbath har-

vest time is concerned. I had better examine my account now, for it must be made out against the great day of accounts. Then, first: what is the size of my vineyard—how large a field have I had to work in? I have had more than fifty Sabbaths, and certainly a hundred sermons during the year. And then the opportunities of public worship—the public reading of the Scriptures—the public prayers—the public songs of praise—all these have been the enlarging of my field. I have had a large field to work in, a very large one. Second, 'the harvest is past;' What have I reaped from my large field? What fruits are laid up in my heart? How much improvement has there been? Is my faith stronger—my knowledge more extensive—my hope reasonably better? Are my affections warmer, and more directed towards God? Is my love stronger—my charity more enlarged—my conscience more tender—my mind more heavenly. These are the fruits my field should have yielded, and would have yielded, had it been cultivated aright. For these I am responsible, and shall one day be called to an account. What shall I answer then? This harvest certainly is past—the fruits are not gathered. What shall I tell my Lord, when he says,

'Give an account of thy stewardship' now that the 'harvest is past?' Then I shall find I owe him some fruits of these seasons which I have never gathered. The balance will be unpoised; and oh, if I but had these fruits to cast in and produce an equilibrium! But I shall not have them, and what shall I say? If the scales of justice are left unbalanced, the sword of justice will soon be unsheathed. What shall I say? I cannot say I had no time, no opportunities. What can I say? Blessed be God, there is one thing I hope to be able to say that will set all right. It is the only thing that can be said, but if it be said, it will be enough. It is this—"Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

In examining the college essays of the late Mr. Duy, we find an originality and maturity of mind, which free them from those peculiarities which usually characterize the productions of under-graduates. With a mind disposed to search into and grasp the whole of a subject, with a clear head, and endowed with strong powers of analysis, he always wrote with accuracy and force. Nor were his talents unappreciated. The first honours in the gift of the University were conferred upon him,

and he was appointed to deliver the valedictory address before his class, which graduated at the commencement in 1842.

His oration lies before us; and, after addressing the officers of the college and his fellow-students, he thus alludes, in conclusion, to one of his class-mates, who had been called to his final account. "And our thoughts will turn to the grave of the early dead. They will turn to one who is not here, one whom we all knew as a class-mate, and loved as a friend. We saw him full of strength, and talent, and promise. The prospect of his life was bright with honour, and virtue, and happiness. We saw him again; his eye was sunken, his cheek was pale, and his form was wasted. Death laid his icy hand upon him, and the grave was opened to receive the young, the talented, the amiable. But the sting of death was gone, and the victory of the grave was lost. Armed in Christian faith, he saw his end approaching, and, supported by Christian hope, he peacefully passed away to the world where faith is lost in sight, and hope in fruition. When they laid him in the grave, the winds of winter were lingering still, and the waves of the river rolled by in darkness and gloom; but the sunbeams were in

the air and on the water, betokening at once an immortality beyond the grave, and the life on earth which the departed still may live in cherished and affectionate remembrance.

"My class-mates: the hour has come when we must part. If there has been in our intercourse that pleasure which our pursuits might well bestow—let it not be forgotten. If there is that in its memory which may lighten a future care or enliven a desponding hour—let it not be forgotten. If the time we have passed together is hallowed by aught that is good, and pure, and elevated—let it not be forgotten. And if, with all these, comes the record of some thoughtless, wounding word—a hasty glance—a wronging thought, here let it be forgotten, and for ever. Oh, let the by-gone scene be shadowless, if thus it can be! And let the parting word be all sincere! Though time may work its change and death its desolation, though hope should fail and joy depart, let faith and memory rise up with angel forms to cheer us still. Still let us turn to this last moment with the smile of peace; and let us consecrate it now for coming years by that parting thought with which, in the heart's own silence, each spirit bids the rest FAREWELL!"

CHAPTER III.

FROM HIS BECOMING A MEMBER OF THE VIRGINIA THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, TO HIS SENIOR YEAR.

In September of 1842, Mr. Duy entered the Theological Seminary of Virginia, and while there his intellectual powers became more and more developed daily, and, above all, his walk and conversation showed him to be rapidly growing in grace, and making rare attainments in spirituality. In his dissertations and debates, he was fearless and uncompromising in defence of the truth, and after having come to a deliberate conviction on any point, he was always ready at the proper time firmly to maintain his position.

We cannot, perhaps, better give at one glance the character of the departed, while at the Seminary of Virginia, than by a few extracts from the testimonials which have come to us from those who well knew his peculiar traits. Says one:

"His seminary course was a marked one. His recitations bore traces of indefatigable study. He received but few opinions upon authority, except the authority were inspired. Freely and fearlessly he canvassed the sentiments even of his text-books, and did not hesitate to reject whatever he thought erroneous. An important feature of his mind was a determined perseverance, that never would leave a subject half understood. Nor did he confine himself to text-books, though he never neglected them. With a nice discriminating judgment, a memory stored with facts that it never lost, and a sense of the value of time that would not permit him to be idle, few subjects could be found in the arts, sciences, or even the current literature of the day, with which he did not manifest an acquaintance far beyond his years.

"Among his fellow-students he was ever the gentleman, cheerful without levity, sometimes opposed, but always loved, gentle and guileless as a child, yet firm as a rock for the right, with a wit which, with his mild nature, could not wound, and a purity that the world had not tarnished.

"In debate he was ready and fluent, often

indulging in raillery, sometimes in satire, replete with common sense, earnest when his feelings were enlisted, and noted for his presence of mind. He seemed to have studied every subject. An argument never found him off his guard. Though his answer might not always be conclusive, it was generally the very best that could be given.

"Of deep piety, the private prayer meetings and the faculty meetings possessed greater charms for him than any other engagement; and the evenings devoted to them found him constantly at his post. Though his constitution was delicate, and his frame indicated no great strength, he took part with his brethren during the burden and heat of the day in their efforts to instruct the neighbouring poor.

"Thus he seemed to all; but to those whom friendship suffered to look upon the inner sanctuary of his heart, there appeared a well of affection so deep, and a thirsting after truth so ardent, and a holiness so complete, though there *must* have been imperfection, that we cannot wonder at the rich mercy, for mercy it is to every sinner, that speedily gathered so ripe a sheaf into the garner."

Another writer thus expresses himself: "No

one who has left this seminary as a graduate since I have known it, has gone with a higher reputation. The powers of his mind, his accomplished discipline, and his singularly lovely disposition, left an impression on all who knew him, which will not be lost. He grew rapidly here in maturity of character, and especially in depth of piety. We looked to him as one who would do honour to us, while, as we trusted, he was called for a more than common work of usefulness in the ministry. * * * * He seemed to be passing through a process of preparation for a distinguished post of duty. But how unwisely we indulged our fond hopes! God had called him indeed, but not as we had thought. The work assigned him is finished, the day is past, the evening come, and he is called away from labour to receive his reward."

Another, to whom Mr. Duy alludes in his journal, as "truly an honoured and much-loved friend, whose friendship I count one of the greatest privileges of my life," says "From the beginning to the end of the three years that he spent amongst us, our intercourse and mutual confidence increased. His talents were of the first order, and of the kind that

wear and grow. His temperament was altogether peculiar, promising more than common results. His judgment was sound, and comprehensive, and cool. His information, for his years, respectable in a high degree. His theological views, every thing that *I* could wish; and his spirit of that 'pure and peaceable' kind, which savours of the mind which was in Christ Jesus. For these things I loved him, and delighted to contemplate him as one destined, in the providence of God, to do a great and good work in the church, and to be a most efficient champion of the truth. But, alas! all my hopes are blasted!"

In his private journal, Mr. Duy exhibits the marks of a deep thinker and clear reasoner, and shows that when he read, his work was something more than the mere *going over* printed words. The continual turning of his thoughts into a religious channel will be also observed throughout all his writings.

For example, after some general criticisms upon the literary productions of certain great men, whose views of the Bible appear somewhat unsound, Mr. Duy's diary proceeds, "I have nothing to say about them. Silence is the only comfort. I do not like this glossing things over, and hoping, 'in charity,'

that every great man whose memory we love has gone to heaven, whatever his life, or his creed. If the Bible means any thing, it means, that 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' And dearly as I love a great man's memory—tenderly as I would cherish, and jealously as I would guard it—I cannot see him made an exception to the requirements of the gospel, for its truths are above all things else; and for no name of king, or hero, or philosopher, or even poet, must the word of God be softened down, his laws explained away, and his threatenings cheapened to our mortal standard."

The improvement which Mr. Duy made of his opportunities to hear the preached word, will be seen by reference to a single page of his journal.

"Sunday, October 22, 1843.—Dr. M. preached this morning from Romans v. 21: 'That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.' The great characteristic of Dr. M.'s preaching is, that he *always*, in all his sermons, preaches the whole, free, precious gospel of salvation. And oh! it is a blessed thing to hear him;

his heart is so full, the story never waxes old. It ought never to wax old. Redeeming love must form the subject of our song for eternity. Shall we get weary of hearing about it here? No. I thank God that I hear so constantly the pure truth of his word. It is precious beyond all price. I am a poor, guilty, needy, wretched sinner, lost, undone, and utterly unable to help myself; and to me, thus lost and helpless, comes an Almighty Saviour, whose merits are counted as mine, by faith in whose atonement I am justified, and who is my eternal portion and hope. Blessed Jesus, thou art mine. I am poor, and weak, and full of sin, but thou wilt never forsake me."

How much tenderness and affection does the following extract breathe, and how does it exhibit the kind feelings of our departed friend.

"Poor Graham is very sick. It would be a sad thing if we should lose one of our brethren. May he who raised up S. from a sick-bed, and is restoring him to health, have mercy also on Graham and spare him, if it be his will! If not, thy will, O Lord, be done. Then do Thou support our sick brother in the

last conflict; let the everlasting arms be underneath him to support him, and may the faith of Jesus sustain his departing soul. I still hope that he will recover, though he is in danger; but, living or dying may he be thine, O Father in heaven, who art the God of all grace and comfort—our only help in time of need." It is worthy of notice, that while Mr. Duy now sleeps his last, long sleep, the Rev. Mr. Graham is labouring for the conversion of the poor heathen in China.

"November 4, 1843." * * * * "This afternoon I looked at the fire and mused as it burned. I mused on its burning. Stick after stick must be put on, fresh at first, to be charred, to burn into two pieces, and then to have its ends thrown together resting on another stick until they disappear, and it burns away also, and the next, and the next. The bright coals glow awhile and fall into ashes. Thus it is with men; at least, thus it seemed to me when I mused. Men appear and burn as lights in the world, and perhaps do good in their generation, but they pass away, and more come and pass away, to make room for others, and even their memory often dies away like the coals that glow awhile and then turn to

ashes. Strange conceit! But there is a truth in it. Lord, what is man? Our life is as a vapour. The world is nothing in the universe; and we are nothing in the world. Let us seek the kingdom of heaven."

"November 22, 1843. Received a letter from ——, in reply to one I wrote him several weeks ago, urging upon him the claims of the Christian religion. I had reason to suspect him of skepticism, but knowing nothing very definite, I presumed on his theoretical assent to Christianity, and besought him to submit his heart and life to it. Now he proclaims his infidelity. I feared I should receive no answer; it would have been so natural for him to avoid a correspondence on the subject. But the truth has come to light, and —— rejects revelation, and denies that Jesus is the Son of God. I am powerless. He knows the arguments for Christianity. What can I say? Alas! all that I can say is nothing. May the Spirit of God touch his heart and lead him to that Saviour, who is the way, and the truth, and the life! May the same Spirit guide and direct me in writing to him, and make me, if it be the Divine will, the unworthy instrument of reclaiming him from his

fatal error! The Lord have mercy on that young man's soul, and convert him to the way of righteousness! Whatever be the means, to Him, the only and eternal God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be all the glory. Thus I pray for a soul for which Christ died, and hope to be heard through his all-prevailing intercession. Amen."

This letter followed the one to which Mr. Duy alludes in the extract just made, and is an able argument in behalf of Christianity, as well as a warm and an affectionate appeal to an erring friend.

LETTER TO A PERSON HAVING SKEPTICAL DOUBTS.

"MY DEAR ——,

"The letter I received from you a short time ago occasioned several widely different feelings as I read it. I was gratified to hear from you, as I trust I always shall be. I felt grateful for the kind manner in which you permitted the liberty I took, when last I wrote to you, of speaking in a very plain and unreserved manner. But I *was* startled, as you thougnt I would be, and I was pained and grieved at the opinions which you expressed.

We now differ widely on the most important of all subjects. I am a Christian. You regard Christianity as a fable. If you are right, I am spending my life in a senseless superstition. If I am right, you are rejecting the truth which God has revealed, you are forsaking the only way of salvation which he offers, and you are despising the blood of his eternal Son, which was shed as a ransom for our souls. Whatever you may think of the consequences of *my* error, I cannot look without the deepest concern on what I believe will be the result of *yours*. I *know* you will give me credit for sincerity, and perhaps on that account I may not be presuming too far if I again claim the privilege of an old friend, to speak without hesitation or reserve.

"You are of course acquainted with the various kinds of external evidence in favour of Christianity; the manner in which the genuineness and authenticity of the books of the New Testament are proved; the argument from miracles and prophecy; the farther proof from the propagation and beneficial effects of Christianity; and, also, some parts of the internal evidence, or that which is drawn from the pure morality of the Christian system, and

its adequacy to meet the highest wants of man.

"From these and other considerations there arises a body of evidence in favour of the Christian religion, which some may consider of more, and some of less weight, but no one can possibly deny that its weight is *something*, and perhaps it may be said, something very considerable. Now let me ask you to be honest with yourself, and candidly to ask and answer in your own mind these questions:—Have you examined this evidence? Have you done it fairly and seriously? Have you been able to set it aside on principles which satisfy your own conscience? Have you been able to meet it by counter-evidence of equal weight? —In a matter of such importance no caution can be too great.

"The Christian religion is not likely to recommend itself to any human heart. Its claims are too exclusive, its laws are too severe, the service it demands is too entire, too perfect, and too lasting, to invite flesh and sense to embrace it. On this account, it is to be supposed that any mode of escaping from its claims would be welcome, and that when this one of denying the authority by which it

makes its claims, is presented, it will be welcomed and looked upon with a degree of partiality sufficient to blind or dim the eye of reason. When we desire to form a certain conclusion, we can find arguments for it easily enough, and the weakest ones will often be made to serve. When we wish to avoid a conclusion, the strongest proofs can be cavilled at. Again I put a question for you to answer candidly to yourself:—Have you been *driven* by the force of argument which you could not resist to reject Christianity; or have you *sought* for arguments to *warrant* you in rejecting it?

"But you may say that it is not *against* Christianity alone that you are in danger of being prejudiced, but that the force of education and the current of general opinion are apt to prejudice an inquirer strongly *in favour* of it. True: but the *prejudice* arising from the traditional consent of generations, and the common opinion of the world, cannot be stronger than the *presumptive proof* that arises from the same source. The *probability* is, that a religion which has lasted for eighteen centuries, spreading wider in each than in the one preceding; which has received the

support of the best, the most talented, and the most learned in many ages; which now has such a hold on mankind, that its precepts are the first to be impressed on the youthful mind, and are so upheld by custom, as to have become almost a part of ourselves—the probability is, that such a religion is true.

"Other probabilities might be mentioned. To them all, add the direct evidence; you then have an amount of proof which *cannot* be set aside, coming with every circumstance to support it. And what do you set over against it? Is it any thing but the bare *possibility*, (for it does not amount to a *probability*,) that after all Christianity may not be true? But, remember! an error here is so dangerous that the bare possibility that it may be true, should make a candid man practise all its precepts, and do what in him lies to ascertain its truth and secure its blessings; instead of which, upon the bare possibility that it may *not* be true, you run the risk of rejecting it. Is this a fair proceeding? Is it doing justice to yourself thus to hazard your most important interests on the smallest chances against the greatest?

"Your position is well calculated to cause

uneasiness in the breast of him who occupies it. The consent of tens of thousands is against you. Have they all been wrong? When we consider the powerful minds that have embraced Christianity, we should be slow in rejecting it, and we should only do so on *certain proof* that it is an imposture. Besides, *what do you gain* by rejecting it? A few years to spend as you please, rather than (as a Christian feels himself bound to do) in the service of God. Do you gain any real happiness, any pure and lasting joy? Do you gain any peace through life, any support for the hour of trial, or any hope in death, by the rejection of Christianity? As a friend, I urge you by the worth of that soul whose existence you believe to be immortal, and in view of the perfections of that God who governs the universe, to ponder well the steps you have taken, lest you should wish, when too late, to retrace them. Bring your opinions to one test; it is the test they *must* be brought to in the hour of death. Reject not what I say as an appeal to your superstitious fears. You will surely die. I solemnly ask you whether you can lie down to meet your doom in perfect peace, holding the opinions you now hold? Did such opinions

ever support a man then? Oh! when the remembrance of your past life comes rapidly before you in the final hour; when every sin, and every short-coming of your life shall crowd in upon your awakened memory, and eternity is opening before you, will you not need some support besides what your present belief can give you—and such a support as the Christian alone can have? I know not what you may think of it, but to me there is something awfully convincing in the testimony of a death-bed. How, in the records of the past, does your creed seem to have stood the test to which it is then subjected? I appeal to the testimony of the death-beds of those who have held it. Of the triumph of Christian faith in the dissolution of nature, you have often heard; and the histories of thousands of believers in all ages will bear witness to it.

"I say no more. What I have said is meant not as an argument: it is the appeal and the warning of one who thinks you are in a great and dangerous error, and who hopes to be excused for his freedom, by that earnest solicitude for your welfare which has caused it.

"I hope you will not hesitate to correspond

with me on this subject, and that you will believe me, as ever,

"Your affectionate friend,

"ALBERT W. DUY."

"Sunday morning, March 3, 1844. I feel this morning in a calm and happy frame of mind, with my heart turned heavenward by the grace of God. So may I remain through this holy day. I do hope to feast on spiritual joys at the table of the Lord. Oh, what an *assurance* we have given us there. Christ is mine. I KNOW it. And how? Why in all the ways I can imagine. He died for sinners, and I am such a sinner that I know he died for me. He will forgive all that come unto him. I have no other hope; I have given my soul to him, and therefore I know he will forgive and save me. But suppose we had only these promises, we might say, 'If Christ had only left us some sign or token,'—and here he has left it in the bread and wine, and now I KNOW AND AM SURE that he died for me, and will pardon and accept me though I be the chief of sinners. He is *my* Saviour—my Lord and my God. He is mine, and I am his, and he is God's.

"My God's my Saviour—glorious word!
My soul, believe and praise the Lord!'"

"Sunday morning, March 10, 1844. * * * It is certainly a pleasant thing to have this memento of Sabbaths by-gone. They are all recorded in another book—the book of God's remembrance! Oh, how different the record from this which is here made! Lord, have mercy upon me, and forgive me the sins committed on thy holy day!

"WANDERING THOUGHTS have troubled me much during all my social and public religious exercises ever since I have been a Christian. I always have been, and still am, unable to confine my attention when the services are conducted by others; and the words of our Liturgy are so familiar that they fall on my ear like the ticking of a watch in my room, and I heed it not, though I hear it. This is partly a weakness and a trial. I do most sincerely deplore it, and pray to be delivered from it, and blessed with a more frequent enjoyment of social worship. But it is partly my fault—my sin—a besetting sin. This it is, inasmuch as it results in a measure from the following causes: The want of a uniform *spirit of prayer*, the want of constancy and

fervency in private devotion, the want of proper preparation for worship, and of a due sense of the solemnity of the work, and the sin of engaging in it with distracted attention, not *watching* and praying enough against this temptation, and finally, giving place to it by improper conduct while in the house of God, such as looking at persons coming in, or at those who are around me, by which openings of mine, Satan gains an entrance, and then I cannot drive him out.

"This evil is very great. It must be overcome so far as it is my fault. My growth in grace is continually hindered by it. God will give me grace to prevail, if I ask in faith, nothing wavering. If it should not be wholly removed, it ought to be no fault of mine, and what remains may be a trial to keep me humble. Alas! if sinfulness could keep me humble, how humble should I be. And it ought to keep me so. Lord, I lie in the dust before thee, and pray thee to have mercy upon me, and lift me up as thou shalt please."

"April 4, 1844. *Good Friday.* * * * This day we behold Christ crucified. It is all our hope and all our glory. I am trying to feel more and more that he was crucified *for*

me. My interest in his death is certain, if I only believe. And my sins were a part of the cause of his crucifixion. O, then, let me crucify them and myself for his service and glory. The world must be crucified unto me and I unto the world. I must bear my cross, as he bore his. I am buried with him by baptism into death—even a death to sin. Then, for my dear Saviour's sake, I would renounce every sin in every form, and once more devote myself to his service, for time and eternity—to know no other will than his, to be nothing, and to do nothing, and think and say nothing but what he would have me. I am sacrificed to him, who gave himself for me. Lord Jesus sprinkle the base offering with thy blood, and accept thy poor creature, and make him by thy Spirit what thou wilt, and use him for thine own glory, whether by prosperity or adversity, success or disappointment, life or death. Give me grace to bear thy dispensations, and wash me, O Lamb of God, in the fountain thou didst open, as on this day, to cleanse us from our sins. Thou art my only hope, and at this moment I should tremble in the sight of God, if thou hadst not died for me. Blessed Jesus, I would give myself away to thee, I would live

to thee, and for thee, and in thee. O, what union can be close enough for my poor soul. How shall I cling close enough to thy cross? Thou art my all in all. Oh, when I feel what my condition would be, if the Holy Father looked on me without thee, and what it is when he looks on me through thee and as in thee, then I adore thy love, and praise thee for thy preciousness. Yea, doubtless, I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen."

"Tuesday, April 9, 1844. This morning brings me to the age of twenty-one years. My past life is a continued miracle of mercy and grace—and alas! a continued scene of frailty and sin. I shall not begin to write the things I have to be grateful for, nor those I have to lament. This have I learned: That the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

"I have seen by experience that the only sure way of peace is by an *entire* surrender of the whole man to the will of God. So far as I have done it, all has been well. But to swerve from that course brings certain sorrow and trouble. I have allowed a favourite sin to hold its place here, and have lowered my standard of duty there, and have explained away some

precept in another place; and so far as I have done so, just so far have I had to suffer for it by coldness of heart, or the hiding of God's countenance in some other way. And sometimes, when I have tried to accommodate some sinful propensity to my obligations as a Christian, I have persevered long, and all went wrong, nor has my way ever been clear in any direction, until I have repented of such transgressions, and given myself up to follow the divine law. I am now more convinced than ever that there is absolutely *one only way;* that every thought--literally, without qualification or reserve—*every* thought must be brought into captivity (perfect subjection) to the will of Christ; that I dare not seek my own advantage in any way at all, where the glory of my divine Redeemer is at stake; that I must be his wholly, unreservedly, willingly, devotedly, with all my time, and powers, and capacities, now and for ever. This, I say, I have felt more and more, and now know more assuredly than ever. God grant that I may feel it too, and commence a new year of my life with new resolutions to live only to him who died for me. As he led me in childhood almost, to choose his service, and called me in

youth to select the ministry of the gospel for the occupation of my life, and has brought me thus far in his mercy, so may he grant grace to his servant, that the period of manhood this day begun may be passed in the most perfect devotion to him, until he calls me to himself. Though young now, I cannot live long at the most, and my years may be very few—yea, this may be my last; or if not, my last will soon come; but, O Lord, may I live *for* Christ and *in* him, and thus be found in him at the end, for I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in him do I place my only hope.

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Amen!"

The following extract will show that Mr. Duy's aim was to attain to a full measure of grace, to become a perfect man in Christ Jesus.

"Sunday, April 28, 1844. I fear I have declined during the past week, being conscious of several transgressions in the way of besetting sins, and having felt little or no warmth in religion. The way to heaven is by a path that must be travelled step by step, and not by a course in the air, on swift wings, by an easy flight. It is an up-hill way, where we can hardly hope to run or move rapidly. But alas! for us, when we go backward. Lord save, or

we perish! The Christian must set himself to labour and toil during his whole course, day by day, to root out his sins which are so constantly springing up: and in hourly travail to work out his salvation. The motto on the banner of the church militant is, 'Watch and pray.' Sanctification is a slowly progressive work at the best of times. Let it form my daily work, and may I strive each day to grow in grace—each day to make some advance in the road to heaven.

"It will be of little advantage to a Christian to ask in the morning for the enlightening and sanctifying influences of the Spirit, and in the evening to confess that he has sinned and come short of the approbation of God, unless he does more than this. When he asks for the Spirit, he must remember that it operates on a sincere heart, and only through the truth; he must go to the word of truth, seeking there to learn the Divine will and the standard he should aim at; he must read the secrets of his own heart by the light of revelation, and find out there how far he is from the purity and holiness which God commands him to attain. When he has thus learned his duty, he must watch his daily walk and learn his short-com-

ings, confessing them with true penitence and with a hearty desire and strong determination in reliance on Divine grace, to do better. When once the question is settled, that he has sinned in this thing, or that, he must say, 'By the help of God, I will do so no more.' The sin, though dearer than a right hand, must be cut off. But if it *is* cut off, and if day by day all our sins, even the least, are thus sought out and destroyed, the heart will constantly be growing purer, the power of self-control greater, the character more like that of the Holy Jesus, and the whole man more meet for heaven. Such a *practical thing* is sanctification."

"May 24, 1844.

"'Alas! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my path!'

"And what is worse, how do I yield to them! I have been dull, and cold, and weak, for some time past, slighting duty, indulging self, and falling into sin. The Lord raise me up! By his grace I start anew, and will try to live nearer up to my duty."

"May 25, 1844. Legh Richmond called his diary 'a mass of frailty.' Did I write the daily course of my life it would be a mass of

sin, as well as frailty. Seven times a-day do I fall—I have but one hope: If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins. Do we then through faith make void the law? God forbid. By the law is the knowledge of sin—of my sin; and in me sin abounds. But I may add, as good John Philpot wrote in the margin of his Bible, where sin abounded, there in me A. W. D. grace did much more abound. Shall we sin then that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall I, that am dead to sin, live any longer therein? Oh, then, let me labour to overcome every sinful inclination, to crush every evil desire, and live wholly to God. Let me lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset me, and run with patience the race set before me, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of my faith. He is my strength. O Lamb of God, behold me at the foot of thy cross! I hope to approach the holy table to-morrow. May the Holy Spirit now prepare me for its privileges, that I may at once feel that my sins are all forgiven, and have a deeper hatred of sin than ever before. So shall my service of God be perfect freedom, and I shall

advance in holiness from the love of it. He that is born of God cannot sin."

"May 27, 1844. In beginning the secular duties of another week, I would remember the privileges of the Lord's table yesterday enjoyed, and the dedication of my soul and body again to the service of Christ. I would live this week not for myself, but to him that died for me, and rose again. * * *

"I must not speak evil of any one unless it is *necessary*, and then no more than *is* necessary. I must not boast of any thing, nor do any thing to exalt myself in the eyes of others; even though I could do it at no other expense, it would cost me the price of humility. I must, in all temptations and doubtful cases, act as in the immediate presence of God, and as my conscience tells me he would have me act, and as my divine Saviour and example would have acted in a like situation. The Lord help me by his Spirit, for the sake of the one Mediator, in whom I desire always to appear before his sight—the Lord Jesus Christ."

"June 2, 1844. Sunday. This is as sweet a morning as our poor world can ever witness. What day but the Sabbath could be so perfectly beautiful. The temperature is just as it

should be, the sky cloudless, the earth all beautiful; and here I am at my Wilderness Lodge, where no sound meets my ear, except the tolling of the Seminary bell for the Sunday-school, and now while I am writing that has ceased, and I seem to be here alone—alone with God. This is Trinity Sunday: Oh may the adorable Jehovah, the one God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be with me to bless me. May he be with me in a higher sense than that of his omnipresence. I would have him present to me by faith, reigning in my heart, ruling my will, possessing my soul. * * * * I have been thinking this morning of certain mercies that I enjoy, and how much I am blessed above others. This morning, I heard of C—— G——'s death. What must be the affliction of his wife, his parents, his devoted sisters, and his many friends. My letter last evening informed me of G——'s dangerous state. There will probably be a sorrowing household before long. There is *now:* for several years my afflicted relative and her helpless children have been weeping on account of the shattered health of their earthly protector, and now there seems to be but little hope of his life for any period; and as for his soul, God only knows.

The Lord have mercy even now. This session W. was called away by his father's death. L. has just gone on account of his sister's. Z. has been called to see a dying mother and brother. W. has been away for several weeks: awaiting his mother's departure, it may be. B. has been expecting to hear of his brother's death every day. And here am I: how unworthy and how blessed! The world is weeping around us, and I and my father's house are kept from sorrow. Lord, what am I that thou shouldest be mindful of me? What shall I render unto the Lord for all his goodness to me? I will take the cup of thanksgiving and call upon his name. I will pay my vows in the presence of the Most Highest. Bless the Lord, O my soul. Amen and Amen."

"June 7, 1844. I have had the subject of the China mission before my mind for a couple of days. Dr. Boone came to see me yesterday morning, and he addressed us in the evening. The door is wide open. The call is urgent. The missionaries are wanted. They can be supported at once. Only one presbyter is secured. But two of our number are ready to go. What shall be done? I pray God to fill up the ranks, and send forth la-

oourers to the harvest. There are many reasons, it seems, for my going; but after many times asking the guidance of the Lord, after looking at the subject on both sides, trying to lay aside the dread of separation from my friends, remembering how great a spiritual advantage that would probably be, and calling to mind the shortness of time and the value of eternal life above all temporal things, and, moreover, in view of my entire dedication, soul and body, to my divine Saviour, I do not at present see that it is my duty to go. If I am in error, may the Lord enlighten me. If I deceive myself through my natural aversion to going, may the Lord have mercy on my soul, and for Christ's sake deliver me from such a state. The matter is not settled for ever. What may appear to be my duty at another period of my life, or at any future time, God only knows. Wilt thou, O Searcher of hearts, help me to commit my way unto thee, and then, according to thy promise, wilt thou direct my paths. Amen."

Mr. Duy's mind was often agitated by the question, whether it was not his duty to devote himself to the Foreign Missionary work, and it seemed to be his earnest desire to be faith-

ful witn himself, and to his Master, in whatever decision he might reach. Although the following extract cannot properly be introduced here, as it regards the date which it bears, yet we are induced to give it this place, on account of its connection with the entry of June 7, 1844, which we have just quoted.

"Sunday, February 2, 1845. * * * Had a visit from —— after breakfast; his object was to urge me personally to go with him to China. I have been thinking and praying over it for a week past, but do not see reason to change the decision I made last summer. After ——'s visit I felt more convinced than I ever have been, that I am better fitted to do good here than in China. I hope the conviction may be the work of the Lord, or that it may not continue. I would not err, and I do greatly fear lest my present decision should be the work of feeling rather than principle. It certainly accords with my feelings. The Lord help me! I am afraid to stay, and do not see my way clear to go. O, thou great God of Missions, thou Guardian of my life, thou Disposer of all events, direct my path aright! I commit my way unto thee!"

"Sunday, June 23, 1844. Had a sincere

feeling of my own vileness in the sight of God, while engaged in prayer this morning. How near this brings me to Christ. Where sin abounds, grace doth much more abound. Where I feel my sin, I am enabled to enjoy the riches of grace and provisions of mercy made in the gospel. Was comforted in reading the first two chapters of Ephesians. I am saved by grace. God, I trust, foreknew and foreordained it in the counsels of his eternal wisdom. May he keep me from falling away. I rely wholly on his mercy in Christ! I have my salvation to work out, but it must be by his working in me. Thank God! His help is promised. Christ is my wisdom, and righteousness, and justification, and redemption. He is my all in all. How infinitely precious is such a Saviour. O may I love him more and more, and may my life be more and more conformed to his image, and character, and will, and example."

"Sunday, June 30th, 1844. The pressure of duties, as the examination approaches, or rather the absorbing interest which it seems to possess, and the prospect of going home so soon, and of spending a part of the season at Cape May, where there will be so much to

draw me away from Christ, have given occasion for a thought—the work, I doubt not, of the Holy Spirit—on the solemn obligation of a Christian never to let any thing serve as an excuse for laying aside his religion. How prone we are to endure coldness during a season of multiplied engagements—to forget God when travelling, or pressed with studies—to shorten our devotions when away from home for purposes of pleasure, and thus produce a sad spiritual waste in the heart, which we attempt to excuse by the plea of an unfortunate situation, or unfavourable circumstances. I can foresee that while I am at Cape May I shall be very much tempted to allow myself to slide into a careless state, and become cold and dead. There will be a ready excuse: the bustle which surrounds me, the dissipation of my mind, the ever-varying scenes, the want of convenient opportunities for retirement, will seem reasons enough to justify me in forgetting God for a great part of the time. Then I shall be tempted to walk as much in the ways of the world as possible, among that ungodly throng, under the pretext of showing that religion is not a gloomy thing; yea, I shall be tempted to walk upon the dividing line, and

sometimes on the other side of it; not to deny in so many words that I am a Christian, but to do all I can, sometimes, to make them forget it, and to avoid any thing which can make them remember it. All this—the conformity of spirit, heart, and life to the world is most expressly forbidden by the Apostle: 'Be not conformed to this world.' My duty will be to walk among all men everywhere, as one who lives for eternity, and whose only aim it is to serve God, and glorify his name; and in all circumstances, to take the first care of my own soul, allowing nothing to draw it away from God. *That* nothing can excuse. I have no *right* to be where I cannot live the life of faith in the Son of God; it can never be duty which calls me there, nor should inclination ever draw me there. May the Lord preserve me and mine from the snares which Satan will spread for us, and so give us grace to avoid them, that we may stand forth everywhere as Christians, and not only improve in health during the summer, but likewise grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

"It is lamentable, and I fear the truth, that in cities, very many Christians among the

higher classes are only winter Christians—though alas! when I think of the gaieties some indulge in at that time, I fear that they are all the time too nearly like her who liveth in pleasure—dead while they live. But there are very many who, during the winter, are regular in all religious duties, engage in labours of love, attend the services of the Lord's house on Sunday, are punctually at the weekly lecture, and being real Christians, they have some warmth. The pastor becomes interested, and they with him, in the salvation of souls, some good is done, the Spirit of God seems to be among them, and all appears fair and prosperous. But summer comes—the weekly lecture is discontinued, the minister leaves town, the pulpit is supplied with any one who can be obtained, the church is deserted, travelling and enjoyment take up the attention, and *religion is laid aside until the autumn.* What right have we to do it? Oh, will God excuse it when he comes to judgment? The Lord help us one and all to glorify his name in this sinful world, for Christ's sake. *Amen.*"

"Sunday, July 7, 1844. This is the last Sabbath of the session. I have been thinking

of the many Sabbaths I have been spending here for two sessions, and of the peculiar privileges attending them—the remarkable opportunities I have had for devotion and spiritual improvement. What hours might I have spent in communion with God, and in the reading of his Holy Word! But alas! for my unfaithfulness. I fear that my advantages will only aggravate my condemnation, so sadly have I neglected them. I would seek pardon for this among the multitude of my sins through Christ my Saviour, and for his sake I ask the grace which is needful to enable me to do better in the time to come. Next session, should I be spared and permitted to spend it here, will be my last before I enter upon the active duties of the ministry. Oh that I may be enabled to spend it—all its days and especially its Sabbaths—in such a way as will promote my spiritual improvement, and qualify me for the responsible station of a preacher of the gospel of salvation."

"I have many mercies to be thankful for this day. Though weak in body, from a little indisposition, I am comfortable, and my mind is at ease." * * * "Yea, what do I want? Truly, there is little that could be added to

my lot. But, oh, the riches of grace! I praise God, as the God of my life, but far more may I praise him as the God of my salvation. Thus, I praise the Holy Trinity, rendering eternal homage to the Father, Son and Spirit, one God, blessed for ever. Amen."

"Saturday, August 17, 1844. I am again at home. I returned yesterday. To God be all the praise of my preservation in all the dangers, seen and unseen, to which I have been exposed. I am glad to escape from the spiritual evils of such a place as Cape May. Our house was so small that I had scarcely any opportunities of being alone, even for purposes of devotion, and I seem almost to have forgotten God. I remember a passage I entered upon my journal before leaving the Seminary, about Christians laying aside their religion. I tried not to lay mine aside, but circumstances have kept me from receiving my spiritual food and nourishment, and while my body has improved in health, my soul has grown weak and sickly in the spiritual life. I have lost that constant sense of religious obligation, that continual application of moral principle to all acts and thoughts, that abiding desire after increased holiness, and that un-

ceasing recurrence of the thoughts to my great God and Saviour, which I have sometimes possessed, and which, while they keep alive a sense of my sins, and prevent that security, which to the Christian is the lethargy of death, are the signs of spiritual life, begun at least in the soul.

"What a loss it is to lose a day in our progress towards heaven! I have nearly lost a month. In some respects I may have gained. I have gone through a probation rather different from what I am used to; I have had unusual temptations; and if I have been enabled in any measure to live as a Christian should, in spite of them—in any measure to keep myself unspotted from the world, this will do me good. Oh, may I be continually kept by the power of God unto salvation! May my sins be pardoned, and my soul strengthened against its besetting sins, and my cold affections warmed, and I be made a fit instrument for the Master's use in his kingdom. O Lord, do thou build me up in grace, and save me for the glories of thy presence in heaven."

"Saturday, August 31, 1844. To-morrow I hope I shall once more enjoy the privilege of the Lord's supper, of which I have now been

deprived for a longer time than ever before, since my connection with the church, not having been where the communion was administered since the first Sunday in June.

"I would make my prayer to God that I may find it a peculiarly profitable occasion. It does indeed afford a sweet and precious assurance of our Lord's power and willingness to save, that he has left us this everlasting witness of his sacrifice. It is as though he spoke from heaven to *me*, poor perishing sinner that I am, and assured me that he will be my salvation.

"Here I take the bread, which is, in a figure by himself appointed, the body that was offered for me; and so I drink the blood that was shed for me; and then *know* by this mode of assurance, established by my crucified Redeemer, that my interest in him is as certain and close as the connection established between my body and the elements. And oh! when the load of sin is heavy, and the eyes are opened to its blackness and vileness, and the soul sinks in the prospect of the wrath to come, and Satan is strong and the heart rebellious, we *need* some strong assurance that our acceptance is perfect in another, and our

sanctification secured by the death of our Saviour. Here we have that assurance. Lord Jesus, I would draw nigh to thy table, feeling that my only hope is in thee. I hate my sins; and so many are they, that for them I almost hate myself, as the Psalmist did. Yet then,—when filled with hatred of myself for my vileness,—oh, then I can feel thy preciousness. Receive me, blessed Saviour, into the arms of thy mercy! 'I am thine; save me.' And to thy free grace shall be all the praise of the salvation of one who was dead in trespasses and sins."

"Thursday, September 12, 1844. Was going to Jersey this morning, but the stage did not come for me. As it is an unpleasant day and my preparations were not complete, I did not care much about the disappointment. I have been thinking since how free my life has been from disappointment. I have seldom suffered even very trifling ones—never a serious one. My whole course at school, at college, and in the seminary has been a prosperous one, and I am brought to the last year of the first great portion of my life—that of dependance and preparation, by a straight path full of flowers and lighted by sunshine almost with

out a cloud. While at college I saw fellow-students called into eternity."

> They, 'the young and strong, who cherished
> Noble longings for the strife,
> By the way-side fell and perished,
> Weary with the march of life.'

"But I was spared. One, W ——, who seems made for study, in talent and disposition, has been obliged to suspend his labours on account of illness. How many at the Seminary have had to discontinue their studies from want of means, or some other cause. Why have I been blessed by God in his Providence, that I have always gone on so prosperously, and never come short of what I hoped for? What mercy hath been shown to one so unworthy! The Lord grant that when affliction does come I may be ready to bear it, and that his goodness may never harden my heart."

"Sunday, September 22, 1844. Returned from Jersey after an absence of eight days, and found all well at home. How merciful the Lord is to me and mine. I go and come, and continue in safety, and find all as I would have it. I would remember the hand of the great Giver whilst I enjoy all his mercies, lest he should have to close that hand and call me to a remembrance of himself by the rod of his chastisement."

CHAPTER IV.

HIS SENIOR YEAR AT THE SEMINARY.

ALTHOUGH few persons could have loved their homes more, or have enjoyed the recreation afforded by travelling and innocent amusements with more spirit than did the subject of this memoir, still it will be observed, by the perusal of his journal, that the one grand aim of his life was to prepare himself for usefulness in the church, and for the enjoyment of those pleasures which God has reserved for the faithful in heaven. A few passages selected from the first remarks made in his diary after his return to the seminary, furnish an illustration in point.

"Theological Seminary, Sunday, October 27, 1844. Blessed be God that I am allowed to behold another of these sweet days of rest in this place! I praise his name for it. * * * I would feel that all the hours of this day are hours for heaven; and I would so live that each Sabbath may bring me nearer in spirit to

that holy place. O God, prepare me to preach the gospel to others, by conforming my own heart to its spirit, and my life to its duties. I have but one more year to lay up spiritual treasures, experiences of the love of God, enjoyments of the influences of the Comforter, thoughts of holiness, and purity, and love; and then I must begin to dispense them to others. More and more do I desire to feel my utter unworthiness and insufficiency. The Lord help his servant to serve him in his kingdom, for Christ's sake. Amen."

"Friday, November 8, 1844. This is our annual fast-day at the seminary." * * * "I do earnestly desire and pray that this session, which we have now commenced, may be distinguished for a special outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the members of the institution. I have prayed that the year may be distinguished by the earnestness of the students in the matter of personal religion, their devoted piety, their zeal, their love, their consistency. I pray that the spirit of Christ may be shed abroad among us; and that the glory of the Lord may be manifested, and the power of the gospel exhibited in our lives. Oh that our closets, our family-altar, our prayer meetings

might be attended not only by all, and punctually, but by many who shall reap continual benefit from these privileges. The Lord help us and fit us in the most important of all respects for the work of the ministry."

"Saturday, November 23, 1844. Last Thursday night, at Faculty meeting, we had some excellent remarks on the subject of prayer from Professor P. and Dr. M. They were really heart-searching. I have not practised upon them as I should, but I pray God to teach me how to pray, to give me a spirit of prayer, and make me a man of prayer, in an emphatic sense. The shortness and paucity and coldness of our prayers; the feeling of dislike of performing a duty, or service to last for a given time, the sense of satisfaction when our devotions are gone through with, and the necessity of abundant prayer for success in the ministry, were all dwelt upon most practically and profitably. I would remember it, and conform to it in my daily practice. The Lord give me grace to do so, for Christ's sake."

"Sunday, November 24, 1844. I feel like a poor, guilty, famishing sinner. What reason I have to feel so, none but God and my

own heart can know. My soul is prostrate in the dust, crying unto the Lord for help, and health, and salvation. Sometimes, as I look over my coldness, and neglect, and transgression, I feel as if I had nearly grieved away the Spirit of Grace. Surely I deserve to have the face of my heavenly Father hidden from me. My only hope is in his *infinite* mercy;—yes, truly *infinite*. I have felt that the promise is precious: 'If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father—Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins.' Oh, the sins of believers are very aggravated —aggravated by the grace they resist, and the resolutions they form, and the mercies they forget, and the light they shut out, and the Spirit they despise. But there is mercy in Christ, and with him is plenteous redemption. Yea, he came to save us from the *power* of sin as well as its punishment; and while I long for purity, I can look to him and have hope. May God help his servant to walk in the ways of his commandments, and be like to himself, for his Son's sake. Amen."

The last pages which Mr. Duy wrote in his journal during the year 1844, contain the following:

"Sunday, December 15, 1844. The Sabbath days of this year are nearly gone." * * * * "Certainly my advantages have not been duly improved. The Sabbath hours should be peculiarly precious to me now, as the time is rapidly approaching when my attention will be engrossed, and my mind and body fatigued on that day of rest by the duties of my office in the ministry. The time that is left I want to spend in the most profitable manner, that I may be prepared for the labours of my future life. I find, in looking back, that I have *wasted* much time on the Lord's day. I should be 'diligent' in the 'business' of that day, as I am in the business of the week. And what is the *business* of Sunday? It is to be 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' Oh, how the hours for reading, and meditation, and prayer should be treasured up! How conscientiously they should be employed!

"I have likewise sinned by indulging in secular or trifling conversation, both of which are wrong. The temptation is hard to resist, but the sin is inexcusable. The Lord grant me his grace in the time to come.

"How I have to live by *grace!* It is my only support. God must uphold me day by

day, or I perish. 'Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.'"

After enumerating certain sins and temptations, this devoted young disciple thus gives utterance to his thoughts: "Oh, when shall I reach the end of the catalogue of my sins? There are many which I have hardly discovered—many which I seldom think of—many which have so much power as to get the better of me constantly. Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death? Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

"What a sweet thing it will be to spend that eternal Sabbath in the New Jerusalem, where there will be *no more sin*. Oh, it is enough to make one long to depart and be with Christ, though for a while we must abide in the flesh. Blessed Jesus, prepare me to go when thou shalt be pleased to take me! Let me not fall away! Oh, bring me to thy holy hill! I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness and see thee face to face."

"Sunday morning, January 5, 1845. By the good providence of God, I am brought to the beginning of a new year, and on this day, to its first Sabbath. Many and humiliating

are the reflections which are naturally suggested by this new mercy to a poor, unworthy, ungrateful sinner. Yes, they make me feel that such is my character: in my very soul I feel that I am *a poor, unworthy, ungrateful sinner*. May the end of this year find me *more* poor in spirit, but rich in grace—*more sensible* of my unworthiness, but *less* unworthy because of sin—*more* deeply grieved by my ingratitude, but *less* guilty of it in the sight of God!

"And if, in dedicating myself to God, I have ever amidst my solemn words kept back any thing by a secret reservation—be it ever so small—may this year find ALL laid at my Creator's feet. If, in professing to seek the Lord's will, and do it entirely, I have ever left undone that which I knew or could have known, may this year find my whole will and life surrendered to my Master's service. If I have ever kept one cherished, darling sin, while in language I declared that I abandoned all, or have prayed to be delivered from *every* iniquity, and then whispered deep in my heart, 'but from *this* one or *this* NOT NOW,' may this year find the last cord severed which binds me my old transgressions—the last breath es-

caped—the last blood shed of the old Adam that is crucified in me.

"But what am I? Can I do this? Let the broken resolutions of past years testify how weak I am. Lord, I feel it! But my comfort is in this: '*The Spirit helpeth our infirmities.*'"

"Sunday, January 12, 1845. Took a long walk this morning alone. I thought over the dealings of God with my soul—the strivings of his Spirit with me in early childhood—how he never suffered me to forget him entirely, nor my heart to rest in peace until I gave myself up to be his servant;—and then how wonderfully he has led me ever since, with all the kindness and tenderness that are possible;—and how he has brought me to give myself to serve him in the ministry, and opened the way for me by favourable providences.

"I trust this affecting view of the goodness of God will lead me to devote myself more entirely to him. I wish to be *His alone;* to abandon *every* sin, and *every* purpose of my own, and *every* ground of confidence but Christ, and to live wholly to advance the glory of my Saviour on earth, and prepare my soul for heaven."

Mr. Duy felt the deepest anxiety for the conversion of his friends from sin to holiness, and was exceedingly faithful in urging upon them motives, to influence their hearts to embrace the religion of Jesus. By how many are the warnings contained in the annexed letter, as much needed and more so, perhaps, than by her to whom it was addressed.

"Theological Seminary of Virginia,
"*January* 16, 1845.

"MY DEAR COUSIN:—

"The affection and deep interest with which I have always regarded you, induce me to call your attention, in a very plain manner, to a subject which, more nearly than any other, concerns your present happiness and eternal welfare. It is the subject of *personal religion*. I trust you will require no apology for the unrestrained manner in which I shall feel myself at liberty to write to you, but will rather attribute it to the sincerity and earnestness which I certainly feel.

"With great pleasure I have seen you united in the holy bonds of matrimony, to one so well worthy of your affections. In him, I doubt not, you will always find all the happiness which the most devoted attachment and the tenderest

affection can secure to you. Truly, God has been good to you, in giving you so many of the blessings of this life. Your cup is full. But it is not without its drop of bitterness even now, to remind you that this world is not the portion of an immortal being. I refer to the sorrow you must feel to witness the declining health of one of your beloved parents, and the affliction which is caused to the other by this dispensation of Providence. Do not these things remind you that earthly comforts may fail, and that a time may come when nothing can avail us but the support of the religion of Jesus Christ? You have a prospect of much happiness in this life; but remember that 'one thing is needful,' and that your happiness will never be complete, and certainly it will never be secure from the changes and chances of time, without this '*one thing*.'

"I desire to urge upon you this one truth, that besides all other things, you need the pardon of your sins by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Until this is obtained, though others may smile upon you, your Heavenly Father frowns on you in anger. I would urge and entreat you, by all the goodness of God towards you, by the love of our Saviour in dying

for you, by the desire you have to find true peace in every circumstance of life, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment—yea, as you love your own soul, to embrace the religion of Christ in repentance, and faith, to profess it openly before the church and the world, and to devote yourself henceforth to the service of God. God requires it of you. Doubtless you have often felt that his language towards you is, 'My daughter, give me thy heart.' Your conscience tells you that this is no more than your duty, and that you can only neglect it at the peril of your eternal salvation. You may have thought upon the matter often before, but you have decided not to obey and serve God yet. Now you are entering into new relations and upon a new sphere of duty. You are called upon to decide once more. One way or the other, my dear cousin, you must and will decide. You will either devote yourself to the service of God *now*, or you will not. God will witness your determination, and *your everlasting destiny may depend upon it.*

"But you will perhaps say that you are still very young;—too young to give up the world and all its pleasures. You may enjoy them for a few years, and then resign them for the

service of your Redeemer. Dear ——, think what a choice that would be! The choice of a few years of worldly pleasure and gratification, instead of as many years of the enjoyment of God's love and favour, with the *certainty* of losing the former as soon as they are over, and with the *risk* of never living to obtain the latter. The invitation is, 'To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart. Now is the accepted time: now is the day of salvation.' If you should choose to slight the invitation of mercy, and tell your Creator and Redeemer that you are not ready to serve him yet, because you would devote your youth to following your own ways and serving the world, would your conscience approve the choice?—Will you approve it when you come to die?—Will your Maker and Judge approve it in the last day?

"The present is the most favourable time you will ever have for becoming a Christian. God is calling you by his mercies. You are (as I have said) just entering upon a new era in your life. If you put it off, your heart will be hardened; the love of the world will grow upon you; your habits will become settled in a course of indifference to religion; your day

of grace will be wearing away; the Spirit will be grieved, because he has striven with you in vain; and no one can tell when you will return to your heavenly Father, or whether you will ever do so.

"One thing, however, may still stand in your way. You may ask yourself, 'What will my gay companions, and my friends, who are not the friends of Christ, think of my embracing the religion of the cross?' But can you, for a single instant, prefer the favour of man to the favour of God? Oh, do not let such a thought find a moment's toleration in your mind! Turn to the 25th and 26th verses of the 9th chapter of St. Luke; also, the 32d and 33d verses of the 10th chapter of St. Matthew. They are the words of Christ himself. Ponder them well and prayerfully.

"I might say much more if I had room, but I am forced to leave the subject with you, hoping that what I have written may be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the eternal good of your soul. Many a time have I prayed that God would bring you to himself, and cause you to rejoice in the hope of salvation. Let me ask you now to give this letter your serious attention; to pray that God would enlighten your

mind, and strengthen your heart; and to decide on the matter here proposed to you, just as you will wish you had decided it when all worldly things have passed away for ever. I shall esteem it a favour if you will write to me very soon. Remember me with kind regards to Mr. ——, and remain assured of the best wishes and prayers of

"Your affectionate cousin,

"ALBERT W. DUY."

We here resume our quotations from the private journal.

"Sunday, January 19, 1845. I have been reading Isaiah lvii. this afternoon. Verse 15th is exceedingly precious and rich in meaning. 'The high and lofty one who inhabiteth eternity' promises to '*dwell with*' him that is of a contrite and humble spirit, which we are told is the spirit required in those with whom God will dwell. O Lord, send the Holy Ghost into my heart, that it may become such as thou delightest in; 'contrite' for its sins, and 'humble' for its unworthiness! With such it is said God will '*dwell*;'—and elsewhere, 'I will *dwell* with them, and walk with them, and they shall be my people. and

I will be their God.' 'They shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.' Jesus says of one who obeys him, 'My Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him.' How presumptuous it would be for us to say or anticipate such things, if the word of truth did not plainly declare them to us! And what is meant by God *dwelling* in us? Oh! what does it *not* mean? It assures us of the presence, and favour and love of God, of his protection, and guardian care—of the honour of being his children, and members of his "household"—of sanctifying grace—of 'righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' And this verse also shows us the condescension of God in all this, inasmuch as he is the 'High and Lofty One.' 'Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?' How pure and holy should I strive to be, if I would be a partaker of these great and precious promises of God!"

"February 3, 1845. I feel *very* anxious to live wholly for God, to feed on the heavenly manna of his word, to be continually in prayer, to realize the highest enjoyments of religion, and to understand those things of God, which

can only be spiritually discerned. I long for that spirituality, without which I can have little enjoyment as a Christian, or success as a minister. Alas! that with these desires, my life should be so sinful, my prayers so infrequent, my heart so cold."

"February 5, 1845. * * * Spent a considerable time in the confession of my sins, and prayer. What occasion have I for humility! What need to trust in Christ for *every* blessing! Oh, that the humiliation of this day, and of the whole season of Lent, may bring me nearer to my Saviour, and keep me more constantly at the foot of the cross!"

"February 6, 1845. Attended another of our delightful Faculty meetings to-night. I shall ever bless God for putting it into the hearts of his servants, who are set over us as spiritual guides, to hold this weekly meeting; and I shall ever bless him also for bringing me to an institution where such advantages can be enjoyed. Our professors talk of heavenly things from their very hearts—as if they were the familiar and hourly subjects of their meditation and experience. They do not speak of them in a cold, formal, theoretical manner. They show that they feel what they say: and

the great subject of perfect holiness and communion with God is in their mouths, as the state of trade in the mouth of a merchant, or the art of healing in the mouth of a physician. They speak that which they *know*, and testify that which they have seen. So would I do in my ministry. Thus only can I be a fit preacher of the gospel, which is all I want to be. Thus only can I be very useful, which is all I aim at. And how can I attain to this? Oh there is only one way! I must likewise commune with God and with my own heart. I must obtain by earnest, constant prayer, the influences of the Spirit. Under those influences, I must read and meditate upon the Holy Scriptures. Thus I must have Christ revealed in me, and *formed* in me 'the hope of glory;' and in this hope I must purify myself, and thus attain to that high privilege promised to the pure in heart—the privilege of *seeing God*. Oh! that I may be enabled to make great progress towards this most desirable end and object before I enter the ministry, and particularly during the season of Lent, which I am mercifully spared again to enjoy! 'To enjoy!' I thank God that I can use that expression. *Once* this season was a weari-

ness to me. The very prospect of it was unpleasant. That I feel it to be otherwise now, is only by the Divine grace and goodness; and for this I praise my blessed Saviour. Amen."

The advice which Mr. Duy gave to the person to whom these letters are addressed, will be valued not only by him, but by every youthful reader of this book, who desires to know the way of life and walk therein. Let them be read with seriousness and attention as the message of the departed.

"Theological Seminary of Virginia,
"*February* 20, 1845.

My Dear ——,

"I feel it to be my duty to take some opportunity of calling your attention in a very plain and solemn manner to the subject of religion. I have often thought I ought to do so;—my relation to you and my profession of the faith of Christ would leave me inexcusable if I should not do my part to induce you to attend to the concerns of your soul; and I shall, therefore, say what I am about to say without hesitation, in the hope that your eternal interests may be thereby promoted. * *

"You have now attained an age when you are, beyond all doubt, able to know good from

evil: responsible in the sight of God for all your actions, and, therefore, called upon to decide whether or not you will serve Him, and conform your life to His holy will. You are no longer an irresponsible child, unable to know your own sinfulness and the need of a Saviour. The offers of mercy and grace, the calls to repentance and faith, the invitations, the warnings, and the threatenings of the gospel are addressed to you as much as to any one else. Doubtless the Holy Spirit has often striven in your heart; you must often have felt the force of the preaching that it has been your privilege to hear; more than once you have felt that you are a sinner, and that God calls upon you to repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. All these things I felt before I was near as old as you are; and I was little, if at all, past your age, when I was led by the grace of God to accept the Saviour, (as I trust,) and make a public profession of religion in the rite of Confirmation. As this rite is in a few weeks to be administered in our church, you should feel yourself particularly called upon at this time to consider your ways, and decide whether you will become a Christian.

"You must decide, then, either to devote yourself now to the service of your Creator and Redeemer, or to put it off to some future time which *cannot* be more favourable than the present, and which *may* never come at all.

"Your responsibility, so far from being less than that of other persons, is peculiarly great. You have had every advantage and privilege —you were born of pious parents—you have been dedicated to God in infancy, instructed all your life in his holy word, brought up under religious influences, taught to pray with your first childish words, sent even to a school where every thing is conducted on Christian principles; in short, you have lacked nothing which could draw you to God. What will be your guilt, if you despise all these blessings, every one of which is like a distinct voice from God, calling you to love and obey Him? Remember, too, that all of your family who are older than you have professed themselves the servants of Christ. In this thing the Lord has shown great mercy. Now it is for you to say whether you will be the first to decline devoting your youth to Him. Think also of the members of the family younger than you, and

of the effect which your example may have upon their decision when they reach the age of moral responsibility. Think of the blessedness of giving your *whole* life, your earliest and best days, to God; of having him for the guide of your youth—of spending *all* the years of your earthly pilgrimage, from this time forth, in preparing for heaven;—think, also, of the opportunities you have had—of the motives which urge you, *now*, especially, to devote yourself to the service of Christ—of the Christian friends who will welcome, and encourage, and rejoice over and pray for you; and, finally, of the difficulty you may find in taking this step at any future time; the danger of delay; the possibility of not living until another confirmation season; the sin of neglecting your God and Saviour for an hour—let alone for months and years—and, then, my dear ——, determine as to your course. You have probably had the subject come into your mind before this. Let me urge it upon you. Do not neglect it. Pray over it in secret. Talk to your parents about it. Ask God for repentance and faith, and a desire to serve him; and, now, in the days of your youth, take

Christ as your Saviour and friend—your example and teacher—your ruler and king." * *

"With many prayers for your welfare, in time and eternity, I remain, &c."

The following letter shows to what end Mr. Duy thought every Christian should endeavour to attain.

"Theological Seminary of Virginia,
"*March* 17, 1845.

"MY DEAR ——,

"Your letter, which I received about a week ago, gave me great pleasure. I am thankful that you have been made willing to give yourself up to the service of God. Begin, continue, and end your Christian life in an humble dependence on his grace, and you will never fall. I feel as if I had much to say to you, and many things to remind you of, and urge upon your attention, but shall have to content myself with mentioning a few only.

"First of all, I would caution you against supposing that you can save yourself, or in any way whatever merit the favour of God and eternal life. You must trust only and entirely to Christ. You must be accepted in him and pardoned for his sake. No Christian profession, no propriety of conduct, no prayers, no

penitence for sin, can make you *worthy* of the Divine love and favour. Christ must be your only hope. Believe in him, and you can be justified before God. Trust to his merits, his strength, and his mercy. The Christian is never safe but when he feels that he is nothing and Christ is all.

"Let it be your constant endeavour to 'grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ,' to become more like him, to bring forth more of the fruits of the spirit, to exhibit more Christian tempers, to love God more, and be better and better prepared for heaven. To this end you ought to read your Bible A GREAT DEAL. Few Christians read their Bibles as they should. Make it your book of books. It is indeed a precious treasure. It can make you wise unto salvation. Take it then for the guide of your youth and of your whole life. But you cannot receive the truths of the Bible, nor keep your heart in a right state, without the Holy Spirit helping you. Therefore you should continually seek his sanctifying influence in prayer. Do not let your devotions be few nor hurried. In prayer must be your strength:

'Prayer is the Christian's vital breath.'

Be careful never to grieve the Holy Spirit by any inconsistent or improper conduct. Live by faith; live for heaven.

"I would also urge you to be sincere and earnest in working out your salvation. Give up your *whole* heart to God. Renounce *every* sin: one sin reserved is enough to ruin your soul. Do not be content with merely doing as much as will keep you from appearing inconsistent before men, but examine yourself as in the sight of God. Come out boldly on the Lord's side, and never conceal, or be ashamed of, or disgrace your Christian profession." * * *

"I wish you would write to me very soon. In the mean time I bid you God speed. Rest assured of my prayers and affectionate remembrances."

We quote from the journal, February 23d, 1845. "Yesterday evening I had a letter, informing me that ——'s case was considered hopeless by the physicians, and that he was not likely to survive a day longer, at the time of writing. I was saddened by the announcement, but it was not much more than I was ready to expect. Yet there was that which I did not expect—the news of his conversion

Poor, faithless being that I am! Have I not prayed for this very thing, and perhaps on the very day when it took place? Have I not called upon God to put forth his hand and save him, though it was in the last hour? And when he who saved the dying thief has heard and answered my prayer, and the prayer of my friends, I am scarce ready for the answer, and receive the gift I asked for in surprise. But so it is. How infinite is the grace of God, as displayed in this almost hopeless case! And oh! how it has turned my mourning into joy! I have not words with which to praise God as I would, for his goodness in hearing my prayers. I feel as if I only wanted to lie at the foot of the cross, and look up to Jesus, and love him in silence. I can look to him not only as he hung there, but as he reigns in heaven, still our Mediator and Friend. O, for larger measures of his spirit, that I may love him more!"

After dwelling at some length on the probable blessings which would attend the dispensation referred to, the writer closes in these words: "Such a remarkable visitation of redeeming mercy, in the last extremity, and in the case of one who had so steadily

neglected all religion, should prove a solemn warning to others, who are relying on their own good works, and show them that this support will not avail in the hour of death. And professing Christians should be excited to more devotion and faith, to more frequent prayers, and greater exertions for the salvation of men.

"For myself, I would once more magnify the name of the Lord, and take fresh courage, praying and striving for the conversion of my friends more earnestly than ever before."

"March 1, 1845. I have been looking over the months of the session already past, and thinking of my neglect of duty and of prayer. How many times have I slighted my devotions, because I was hurried, or weary, or indolent, or cold-hearted! As if any thing ought to come in the place of my devotions! Better had I missed my lesson than my prayer. The past rises up before me with a dreadful array of sins of this sort. I have much reason to be humbled.

"And as for study, I am not at all satisfied with what I have done. It has been very little. Why, but because I have not been conscientious, and hence uniformly industrious

and faithful? And, why this want of conscience in the matter, but because of the want of prayer? The two evils are connected. May the Lord, who has opened my eyes to see them, and caused my heart to deplore them, also give me grace to avoid them!"

"Sunday, March 2, 1845. I have all my life enjoyed a great many temporal blessings. The lives and health of myself and my parents, and brothers and sisters, have been wonderfully preserved, and many comforts have been vouchsafed to us." * * * "Few have been so favoured as we have. A week ago, my uncle was taken off, but we are all spared. Yet how uncertain is the future, and how necessary it is that we should place such a dependence upon God above, that when earthly friends and supports are taken away, we may not be left desolate. We know not what a day may bring forth. A parent—a brother—a sister, may be smitten with disease, or carried off by accident." * * * "We should so live in prosperity that we may be prepared for adversity. In a few months, I am to go forth from this place, and be cast upon the world to act for myself, and to bear the heavy responsibilities of a man, a Christian, and a minister. I

know not where I shall have to go, how I shall be situated, how far I shall be separated from my friends, or what privations I shall have to encounter. All these thoughts should make me sit loose to earth, and live for heaven. I would live by faith, trust in the promises, and look forward in hope to a world where change and sorrow are unknown."

"March 10, 1845. As Sabbath after Sabbath passes away, I am drawing nearer to my final account, but am I becoming better prepared for it? The past week, like many others, has been a season of little improvement. Some sins have been in part overcome, and I would constantly remember it as cause of devout gratitude to God. But how many remain! I have indulged my vanity and indolence, and fostered my pride as much as ever. I have left undone much that *I ought to have done*, that is, much that I *might have* done in the way of study, as well as devotion and spiritual improvement. And I have done *much* that I ought not to have done; though here, I trust, I have made a little improvement, by the grace of God. This day, I renew my prayers for strength and guidance; commence anew my efforts to become like my

great example, Jesus Christ, and once more devote myself to the service of God for ever and ever. I am the Lord's servant to do ALL I CAN for the promotion of his glory, and I depend on him for grace by which I may do it. Oh! that I and all my friends may be entirely the Lord's. How sweet to belong to him, and trust to him, and love him. Then we shall be ready to go to him, when he shall call us. Even so, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' Amen."

"March 14, 1845. 'Oh for a closer walk with God!' My coldness, my distraction, my sins grieve me. I fear I am going *away* from God. I cannot stop myself. Lord Jesus, put forth the arm of thy power and deliver me. Thou art an everlasting Saviour. I fly to thee. Had I kept at the foot of thy cross, I should not have grown so cold and dead. Jesus, I can only call on thee. Save me! Lord, save, or I perish!"

"March 20, 1845. Have been this morning reading over my old journals written five years ago, when I was quite a boy. Find in them many ardent aspirations after greater holiness. They were not realized then, nor have they been since, except in a very small degree. I

can look back, and see the reason. It was because I would not give myself up *entirely* to the Lord. I wanted to be holy *with exceptions;* and to feel holy, and to feel all the delights of holiness, while in some things I followed the desire of my own heart rather than the law of the Lord. How long it takes the Christian to give up every thing that is sinful.

"Was I then a Christian? I hope so, for I strove to overcome my evil nature, by the help of Christ, through his Spirit; I depended on him alone, for salvation; and thought, though perhaps *I cheated myself* into the belief, that I allowed no sin of commission or of omission, habitually. Very small was the seed of grace then. Alas! It has not yet become a great tree. I trust I have made some advancement since then, but it is so little compared with what I should have made in so long a time, that I have reason to be filled with shame and self-reproach. These five years are gone for ever, and they will bear a fearful testimony against me in the last day. Yet I do hope that I am now entirely given up to Christ, and if in any thing I deceive myself by the belief that I am thus devoted, may he open my eyes, that I

may see, and forsake my error. 'Search me, O God, and know me; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.'"

"March 23d, 1845. With all my sins, I trust I do feel a desire to become holy. I *know* I feel it. I can look up to Jesus, and long to love him and be like him. Oh, that he were more constantly in my thoughts! Yet I love to think of him and all his excellencies. I love to regard God as the portion of my soul. I commit my way to him for time and eternity, and only want to live in him and be lost in him.

"This day should be a heaven on earth to the church of Christ. We commemorate his death in the holy supper, and at the same time his resurrection, by which we know assuredly that his death was accepted of God as an atonement for our sins, and that we shall be raised from the dead to a life where there shall be neither sin nor sorrow. May this precious sacrament (sacred sign) be truly a eucharist to me and my friends! What joy for us to remember our risen Lord as our Redeemer, by his death, and to look forward at the same time to our resurrection, which

shall introduce us to his presence, the marriage supper of the Lamb, and the communion of saints above These things satisfy me; I want no more. Christ—blessed Saviour—risen Lord—my Redeemer—my Friend—my Intercessor—my Judge—my King—thou art my all in all, the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely!"

"Sunday, March 30, 1845. Have been made to feel my dependence on God by looking forward. In about three months I shall leave the Seminary. I am utterly uncertain where I shall then have to live, or where a call is to come from. I feel it to be mercifully ordered thus. I can have an opportunity of practising our Saviour's precept, 'Take no thought for the morrow.' I have committed my soul to him, to be justified by his atonement and sanctified by his spirit, to be brought through all the temptations of earth to the glories of heaven. And I have given myself away to serve him anywhere and by any means. I am not my own—I am his. And now what have I to care for? 'Cast all thy care upon him, for he careth for thee.' 'Be careful for nothing.' 'If God so clothe the lilies of the field,' as he is doing this very

day, by the returning warmth and beauty of spring, 'how much more will he clothe me.' He has not forgotten the works of nature through the winter. Shall he forget his new creation of grace? 'Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.' 'I have learned,' said St. Paul, 'in whatever state I am, therewith to be content.' God can feed his servants with bread from heaven, as he did the Israelites, or he can keep them without bread, as he did Moses, or send it to them by birds of the air, as he did to Elijah. (Jeremy Taylor.) * * *

"I seem to have nothing to fear, humanly speaking; but the uncertainty is not what flesh and blood would desire. Therefore, in the midst of it, I rejoice that I can leave all to Christ, and feel that I am entirely in his keeping, for time as well as for eternity. Yes, it is so for both, and it is the sweetest feeling vouchsafed to man. It is all I want."

"April 9, 1845. My birth-day. I am twenty-two years old. Shall I live another year? If I do, where shall I find myself. What will have befallen me? Will my blessings be continued? Am I ready to die? Am I ready to *live*, in the apostle's sense, when he

said, 'for me to live is Christ?' Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

"May 1, 1845. Dr. S. spoke this evening, at the Faculty meeting, of ambition, as being the besetting sin of the ministry in this age and country. Certainly it is. The calling is esteemed so honourable amongst men, and ministers are so much respected for the sake of their office, that, as the doctor said, a person might consistently abandon the most lucrative situation and the fairest prospects, and enter the ministry with the object of satiating his ambition. Pride and vanity are both flattered. I have felt continual temptations that way myself. Lord, keep me humble! May I preach Christ Jesus my Lord, and myself the people's *servant*, for Jesus' sake. O, that I may have grace to set out with this sole object; to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified; to sink myself and live for God! What can the world offer? In a few years it will all be over for me. Let me live as if it were passing away. I want real Christian humility—humility of the very heart, and not an outward semblance. A man may try to display himself and be vain of his performance, even while preaching Christ alone, as men

suppose. It is not what we say and do, but the *spirit of our minds*, that constitutes real humility."

"May 9, 1845. We were greatly favoured last night in having the Rev. * * * * with us at the Faculty meeting, and hearing from him an address which went to my heart, and I doubt not to the hearts of all. I, for one, desire never to forget it. He spoke so feelingly—so much from experience and observation—so much as if he only desired the glory of God—that every word seemed precious to us. His object was, to urge upon us the importance of cultivating personal holiness during our Seminary life, and of forming fixed habits of prayer and meditation, so that communion with God should become 'the first necessity of our being.' This he urged, first, with reference to ministerial character, showing that during the first years of our ministry we should be greatly tempted to neglect our devotions, on the plea of our pressing labours, and that we should then especially need a devotional spirit to keep us from self-dependence, if we are successful, and from despondency if we are not: secondly, with reference to ministerial success, which would depend more on

our prayers than on any thing else; and thirdly, with reference to the present state of the church, which he described in terms gloomy enough, but too true. What a reproach this diary is! Broken resolutions stare me in the face at every turn. And what can I do to help the cause of Christ? Once more I have given myself away to him, and resolved to know nothing but Christ crucified in my ministry. Oh, that God would help me to live in prayer, and to preach with a power, which, as it comes from him, will, by leading souls to salvation, bring back all the glory to his great name!

"Thanks to my most merciful Father in heaven, the matter of my location is settled. * * * It seems all to have been ordered by that gracious God whose goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life; and now I can only record with an overflowing heart—'Hitherto the Lord hath helped.' Blessed God—merciful Father—redeeming Saviour—promised Comforter—*I am thine.* I would only be silent that I may love thee, and speak but that I may glorify thy name!"

"June 19, 1845. Bishop Meade, in his lectures yesterday, insisted much and solemnly on the necessity of holiness in the ministry,

and warned us of the hindrances to piety we shall meet with. It is a trite subject here, but I bless God that it is so, and I hope it may never cease to be spoken of as much as it has been during my stay here. The bishop read some solemn passages from 'Baxter's Reformed Pastor;' for example, 'There is many a minister now in hell, who has used all his eloquence to warn his hearers to escape from that place.' What a dreadful thought, that having preached to others, I myself may be a cast-away! Lord deliver me!

"I would set out in the ministry with the determination to be a man of much and earnest prayer—to keep close to God, and have my own heart always warm with his love—to speak what I know from blessed experience of the preciousness of Christ, and to testify what I have seen of the goodness and faithfulness of God. I would have a deep abiding sense of responsibility, an earnest desire to save souls from death, and to glorify Christ my Lord. 'He must increase, but I must decrease.' I would be nothing, and have Christ every thing."

"June 29, 1845. My Sabbaths here are drawing to a close. Lord, may I spend them

as I ought, and much as if they were my last on earth!

"We have had some solemn instruction from the bishop during the week, and I have been made to feel something of the responsibilities I am to take upon me in a short time.

"The minister of Christ has the truth of God put into his hands. He must answer for its use. If his life and doctrine be what they ought, he will be successful in leading many souls to glory. It is my *duty* (in some sense) to succeed in this; that is, it is my duty so to live, and so to preach, that I shall succeed;* God's word is sure. He has promised that his truth *shall* prevail, and if faithfully set forth it *will* prevail. The *power*, then, is in the truth, and in God's Spirit. I am only the instrument—the mouthpiece. I am not to trust to my eloquence or ability. I desire never to preach without deeply feeling my accountability to God for the sermon I deliver, and that I must answer for it at the last day, if it was not prepared in a spirit of seriousness and prayer, with the one single motive of glorifying God. I would go, as one has said, from my knees to the pulpit, and from the pulpit to

* Isaiah lv. 10, 11.

my knees. Always while preaching and reading the service, I would feel as if standing in the presence of God.

"Particularly while preaching, I would feel as if heaven were open above me, and Christ were taking an account of my words, while sinners were rushing past me to speedy destruction, and Christians were sleeping a sleep which would be unto death if I do not awake them.

"O Lord Jesus Christ, may I never preach myself, but always thee, and myself the people's servant, for thy sake! Save me, O save me from the sin of self-exaltation. May I never be tempted in this way, above what I am able to bear. Keep me humble. 'It is enough for the servant to be as his master,' a 'man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief' —not honoured and applauded, but 'despised and rejected of men'—'without a place to lay his head.'"

"July 3, 1845. This has been an evening of sad and serious thoughts. We have had our last Faculty meeting for the session, and the last which I am to attend here. What privileges have I enjoyed in them in times past, and what reason have I for self-condemnation

that these privileges have been so poorly improved!

"Dr. S. made a very impressive address, on the thought that life is a journey which must soon draw to an end, exhorting us to view its labours and trials, its pleasures and sorrows, its toil and refreshment, as if they were all rapidly passing away. We should go on our way as strangers and pilgrims—willing to have God do for us and with us whatever he may please, whether it be to employ us in his active service, or to lay us on a bed of languishing and pain from this time forth. Lord, am I ready for this?—Am I ready for any thing which shall come from thee? 'Search me, O God, and know my heart!'

"The Dr. concluded by urging us to part, with cheerfulness in our very sadness, knowing that in a little while our journey will be over, and we shall rest together in heaven; and that in the mean time, we have one God and Saviour, and can together commune with him, and through the vacation, and for the rest of our pilgrimage, commit each other to him by earnest, intercessory prayer.

"Dr. M. followed in an admirable address, summing up all his parting counsel in this

That we should be WHOLLY the Lord's, which he put in one word, SIMPLICITY of purpose He urged us to seek nothing for ourselves—to indulge no ambition; for, if gratified, the gratification is a curse—to run into no temptation by choosing high places, but to be willing to serve the Lord anywhere and in any way. Then followed Professor P. in a few feeling remarks, after which the meeting closed. I thank God for these meetings.

"The Bishop warned us to-day against vanity in its many forms and exhibitions;—believing flattery—speaking much of ourselves, our sermons, our families, our great friends—disparaging or envying others—and preaching to be admired.

"What warnings and counsels we have had! And now here I stand with every prop taken away, that I may trust wholly to God's Spirit. I am to be a *minister*—a *servant*. I am to spend a few days on earth in the special service of Christ. I am to be his alone. I am to preach—never myself, as I value his love—but him alone. I am to serve him in any way, by any suffering, under any privation, anywhere in the wide world. All the things of time and sense I would tread

under foot; and for myself, I would be nothing but Christ's servant, and messenger, and instrument. In a few brief years, another era will come. I shall very soon die; and then I must give an account of my stewardship. God of my strength, grant that I may be found faithful!"

"Saturday, July 5, 1845. This day closes my last week here; and I am led to look back upon the period I have spent in my theological studies, with reference to my progress and diligence. I have enjoyed great advantages, and have made much improvement. I could not well have helped doing so. But I must charge myself with great indolence, carelessness and irregularity; much waste of time in frivolous occupations and on slight temptations; and a lamentable want of *conscientiousness* in my studies, so as to make them all tend to the glory of God, and pursue them for that purpose alone. Here is one sentence, and that not very long, but O! what a summary of sins does it contain; and I know, and feel, and lament, that I am guilty of them all. I resolve and pray for grace to do better hereafter. And now, if I ask myself what was the cause of all this sin, and

what would have prevented it all? I can soon answer: *Neglect of prayer* was the cause, *prayer* would have been the preventive. Had I prayed as I ought—long, faithfully, earnestly, importunately, I should have been more spiritually minded, more sensible of the shortness, but great value of time; more intent on doing my Master's work, more single in my motive, more conscientious, more careful, more diligent, more happy."

"July 6, 1845. And now I have arrived at the last of my Sabbaths here. If I condemned myself yesterday for a neglect of my *intellectual* advantages, what must I think when reflecting on the misuse of my opportunities of *spiritual* improvement? For three sessions I have had hours upon hours every Lord's day, to spend in devotion.

"I might have come to my room and shut the door, and prayed to my Father who seeth in secret, for myself and my friends, calling down ten thousand choicest blessings from heaven; nay, I might have had heaven itself opened to the eye of my faith, and have communed with my God and Saviour, until I should have longed to depart and be with him. I might have read and pondered on the word

of God, so as to have grown *mighty* in it, and to have been filled with knowledge, and strength, and comfort. Alas! in all this I have written my own condemnation. God forgive me, and enable those who come after me in the Seminary to prize their Sabbaths more highly and improve them better, not spending their sacred hours in sloth, in common conversation, or in listless reading of that which will not greatly profit.

"I shall worship with our chapel congregation to-day for the last time. I find comfort and joy in looking forward to that eternal Sabbath in the New Jerusalem, and in the temple of God's presence and glory, where I hope to meet all my Christian friends and the saints of all ages; and with a full view of the face of Jesus Christ, to worship him in that blest assembly without a wandering thought, or distracted affection. The time is soon coming. A few more years of toil and temptation—a few more earthly joys and sorrows—and then I shall be with my Saviour.

"Oh, Jesus, prepare me for thy presence, and take me quickly to be with thee! Yet would I patiently wait thy coming, and remain here while thou hast work for me to do.

"And is life then so short? Is the night so soon coming when no man can work? If so, how diligent should I be in working out my own salvation, and in winning souls for Christ! O Lord, help me to feel how unworthy I am to do any thing for thee; how great a privilege it will be for me ever to proclaim thy truth!

"When I think of the shortness of life and the work to be done, I feel the necessity of living wholly for Christ. Shall I ever preach myself, when in a few days or years I shall be no more seen? Shall I covet the praise of men, whose breath is passing away? What will it be to me to have had human praise, when in a little while I come to lie on the bed of death? What will it be to me, then, to have preached myself, or lived for myself, or for any thing but Christ's glory? Oh, nothing but shame, and sorrow, and remorse!

"Lord, help me to think of myself as I ought to think, and to be wholly thine. Amen."

CHAPTER V.

HIS MINISTRY AT BROOKLYN, N. Y.

On the 10th of July, Mr. Duy took leave of his friends in Virginia, having graduated from the Seminary there, with a high reputation both for scholarship and piety, accompanied with many earnest wishes, and followed by fervent prayers for his success. His preparatory examinations for orders were in every way satisfactory to his examiners, and on Sunday morning, July 13, 1845, he was ordained.

On the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Duy preached his first sermon in St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, from the words: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."* The Sunday following, Mr. Duy preached at

* Galatians vi. 14.

Cape May, where he was spending a few days with his father's family, previous to entering upon the duties of his station in Brooklyn, to which city he had been invited as assistant to the rector of St. Ann's Church. But since Mr. Duy's own account of these facts is before us, we copy it, though substantially the same as the above. It is more interesting to learn details from the person concerned, than from another, and throughout this sketch we have left our friend to write his own memoir, as far as it was practicable.

"Cape Island, N. J., July 21, 1845. Since the last entry in this journal, what changes have taken place in my condition! Yet they are *precisely* such as I anticipated and desired. It is worthy of being recorded, that my whole life has been even in its course and free from any serious disappointment. The Lord has so graciously smiled upon me and furthered my plans, that I now stand just where I have been wishing to stand for months and years past. My whole course of preparatory study has gone on smoothly and delightfully; every thing connected with my examinations was exceedingly pleasant; and now, with number-

less kind friends, with the prayers and good wishes of many Christian hearts, with a joyous present and a bright future, I am about to start out in life, one of the most favoured, but, alas! one of the most unworthy of God's children. On Thursday, the 10th instant, we concluded our exercises at the Seminary; and that evening I took leave of my beloved friends there, with a heavier heart than it is often my lot to possess. I thank God for leading me by his overruling providence to that institution.

"Early on Friday morning, I started for Philadelphia; and reached there at one o'clock the same night. Saturday morning I was examined by the Rev. Messrs. Clark and Bonner, and in the evening by Bishop Lee and the Rev. Messrs. Clark and Killen. Every thing here was easy, and I think he who controls the smallest as well as the greatest affairs, kept me from annoyance in my examinations, in answer to my prayers. Why should we not commit ALL our interests to Him?" * *

"*Sunday morning*, 13th, was ordained, in St. Andrew's Church, by Bishop Lee. *Afternoon*, preached for the first time, from the words, 'God forbid that I should glory, save

in the cross,' &c., &c. *Monday*, came to this place where our family are staying. *Sunday*, *July* 20th, I heard the Rev. Mr. Lord preach in the morning, from the text, 'Holiness—without which no man can see the Lord.' Afternoon, preached myself from the text, 'Search me, O God, and know my heart,' &c., &c. I feel anxious that my sermons should do good. O that the Lord would accompany them with his blessing!"

On the first Sunday morning after his arrival in Brooklyn, Mr. Duy makes these remarks in his diary.

"Sunday morning, July 27, 1845. Here I am at the scene of my future labours, at least for a time. As Dr. C. is unwell, I am to preach —in the presence of God. I am to declare the unsearchable riches of Christ. May God help me, and bless the word spoken to his glory.

"Sunday afternoon. Was privileged this morning to declare the way of salvation, the fulness and freeness of the gospel, to perishing men, and to assist in the administration of the communion.

"O, that the Lord would enable me to preach only Christ, and to exalt him and hide myself. It is hard for me to forget myself,

when I know that people do not forget me, but are constantly forming their opinion about me from my sermons, be that opinion good or bad.

"Lord, help me to point, like John the Baptist, away from myself to the Lamb of God, saying with him, 'He must increase, but I must decrease.' I have to thank God for strengthening me this morning so that I preached with much freedom, and no restraint or embarrassment. I would that some sinner might be converted by my sermon, and some benighted mind enlightened."

Mr. Duy preached again on the afternoon of the same day, and was listened to with great attention. For some reason, the entries in his journal from this time are very few and at long intervals, yet he has left enough to testify that his soul was stayed on God, and that above all things else he desired to advance the interests of his Master's kingdom.

"August 7, 1845. Have been struck with Henry Martyn's lamentations over his pride and vanity in his journal. If *he*, with his talents, and learning, and heavenly-mindedness, and with his unceasing watchfulness against this very sin, still thought more highly

of himself than he ought to have thought, what shall I say of myself? I have not even enough humility to be sensible of my pride.

"I have been reading the Scriptures too little, and praying too little. Martyn seems to have gone to the Bible for his soul's food, and to have felt hungry in spirit when he had failed to seek an abundant supply there. He also depended on his Bible to prepare him for prayer, and furnish material for it. Well may I learn a lesson from this."

"August 11, 1845. Preached in St. Ann's yesterday morning, from, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' At night in Calvary Church. Performed the duties of the day, with great ease to myself—physically—for which the Lord be praised. I have much reason to be grateful for the health which I enjoy. I pray God to preserve it that I may serve him; or to give me such grace that I shall be as willing to suffer as to labour. What am I, and what are my services to the Lord of heaven and earth? He can spare me and raise up ministers as well as children to Abraham from the very stones. Afternoon, heard Mr. Lewis preach from the words, 'Lord, teach us how to pray.' I know

too little of this myself—I need to be taught by the Spirit to feel my wants, and to pray in humility and resignation. Lord, teach *me* how to pray. Almighty God, accompany the truth which I preached yesterday with the blessed influences of the Holy Ghost. May it bring forth fruit. May it do good. May some sinners be converted and some Christians edified by my sermons yesterday. Thy will be done.

"August 17, 1845. It is a lovely Sabbath morning. I hear the children of some Sabbath-school near by singing. It puts me in mind of the new song in heaven. O for a note of *that* music! O for a sight of *that* place.

"In thinking over my spiritual state and confessing my sins this morning, I find myself as cold and careless—as vain and selfish, as I was months ago. I have been guilty of much self-sufficiency, spiritual pride, and neglect of prayer since I was ordained. I can long to convert souls, (instrumentally,) and can talk a great deal about spiritual doctrines and duties and joys, but this is not *personal holiness*. O that God would help me to love him! That is the root of all holiness. Thou blessed Spirit

help me, or else, having preached to others, I myself shall be a cast-away."

"September 3, 1845." * * * * "Had a letter yesterday from Dr. S." * * * "I should try to conform to all the good I have seen in him and all the excellent advice I have had from him. 'Devote the first fruits of your time and strength each day to the great matters of vital, practical, and experimental religion in its relation to yourself, personally and ministerially.' Regular, faithful, studious devotion—the first, the greatest business of the day. This is what he advises. Lord, help me, teach and strengthen me.

"If such a saint as H. Martyn deplored his coldness and sinfulness so in his journal, what must be my state when I so little realize the coldness and sinfulness I ought to deplore! I think I must resort to committing Scripture as a help to devotion."

As a correspondent, Mr. Duy excelled. In his letters are garnered up rich stores of sparkling wit, as well as much sober reflection. Of the many letters, which it was the privilege of the author of this sketch to receive from him, there is not one which does not show in what Mr. Duy's most ardent feelings were engaged.

His style was easy and flowing; indeed, his epistles seem to be but the transcript of his thoughts, just as they occurred to him. An extract or two will suffice to illustrate what we have said. After some remarks upon his delightful situation in Brooklyn, and after contrasting the comparative leisure of his friend with his own occupations, he says: "I have sermons to write. It is not so easy to write *them* now as it was at the seminary, because I cannot just wait until a subject strikes me forcibly, and then think about it for days, or weeks if I please, and then take my time for writing it, and, if I choose, re-writing it. However, there is a comfort in doing our best, and knowing that though the effort may not be so creditable as the flesh would desire, it may be made quite as effective by God's blessing as a discourse more elaborated, delivered with self-complacency and heard with admiration. O for deliverance from every shape or form of preaching ourselves, either as the subjects, or the objects of our preaching! Sometimes I feel like getting up to call upon the people to repent and escape from the wrath to come, as if the archangel's trumpet were already beginning to sound, and then again I feel as if

it would be best to plod patiently and quietly on, teaching the truth and sowing the seed, and looking for fruit at a future day. Yet it is plain that God alone can convert men, and he will do it in due time. The utter inadequateness of all human efforts must force itself upon the mind of every one who makes them."

In another letter he thus writes:—

* * * * "Yet I love the old seminary, and can now appreciate its privileges and *enjoyments*. For instance, how much better it is to go to the Faculty meeting and be edified, than to go to St. Ann's chapel and try to edify. I can speak feelingly on that subject, because I have to lecture to-night and do not feel by any means overstocked with material. There is no stopping the Sundays and Lecture nights. They will come, whether you are ready for them or not. But to be serious. This is our work and our privilege. Why should we wish to stop them, when we can sow the seed for an eternal harvest? I hope I have your prayers —especially on Sundays. We all ought to unite in calling down the blessings of the Holy Spirit on the word preached, for without His power, you might as well try to move stocks

and stones as human hearts. I sometimes hope that no sermon, containing the truth, is without its effect." * * *

A letter, bearing date March 8, 1846, contains the following: "We are just entering on the season of hard work for ministers. I wish it might be a time of blessing to a lifeless church, and of salvation to perishing souls. We shall begin at St. Ann's church on Wednesday, what they call an *Association* in Philadelphia—continuous services for three days. Dr. Stone, Dr. Tyng, and others are to help us. We expect to have service on Wednesdays and Fridays through Lent; and Passion week every day. I want that one of us should make an exhortation every time. It may do good.

"It seems generally agreed that such a season of religious coldness among Christians of all denominations has not been known for a long time. Surely it behoves all who serve the Lord to keep not silence and give Him no rest till he establish and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth. I will not write you a sermon on the subject, for I know you feel and think as I do about it. But what I say is true *to a most fearful extent*."

The lives of but few men are so free from casualties and trials, as was that of our departed friend, yet an event which befell him, and of which he makes mention in his diary, may have been fraught with more serious consequences than Mr. D. would seem to have imagined when he wrote what follows:

"Monday, September 22, 1845. On Saturday morning I had a narrow escape with my life. My horse stumbled when I was riding with Dr. C., and fell to the very ground upon his nose, of course sending me over his head. My neck might have been broken by such an accident, but God preserved me from even a broken limb, or any injury except a slight headache in consequence, and an almost total loss of memory for some little time. For this wonderful protection, the Lord's holy name be praised, and to Him let the life he has preserved be henceforth dedicated with new zeal and devotion.

"Wednesday, October 1, 1845. Last night the convention adjourned, after nearly a week's deliberations. Truly I am tired of it, and feel glad to be at liberty once more to spend my time in retirement. Such times make sad havoc among our spiritual interests. May the

Lord restore me to a more heavenly frame of mind, and enable me now to devote myself diligently to doing his work, with reference first to my own salvation and then to that of others. I must live in a holier and purer atmosphere than I have been living in for some time past, if I would enjoy religion myself, or teach others to enjoy it.

"Have been reading over some entries made in my journal while I was at the seminary, and felt my heart touched by the associations that were called up. But oh how cold and careless I have grown! Where is my former anxiety to serve God, and earnestness in prayer and entire devotion to his will and continual fear of offending him? These feelings seem to be lost, and I feel as if I had become *professionally* pious. I have reason to lament the loss of my privileges, (at Faculty meetings, &c. at the seminary,) but this is not the only reason. I have my Bible and my God, and I must learn to live by these. O Lord, revive and restore me!

'Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.'"

"Saturday morning, October 4, 1845. Have been running about in New York for two or three hours, to secure a supply for the Church of the Ascension on the morning of October 12, and now gladly return to my room, to seek the presence of God, and endeavour to attain to something like spirituality of mind in preparation for the duties of to-morrow. I expect to preach on Revelation xxi. 2, and I pray God that I may be in something like a suitable frame to speak on such a subject. I am also anxious that the people should listen with a desire to be edified rather than pleased, for I do not present the subject to amuse them with poetical fancies, but to call them to a contemplation of their future spiritual joys and blessings.

"Sunday, October 5, 1845. Preached this afternoon from Revelation xxi. 2, on the New Jerusalem, with some hesitation, on account of the magnitude and ambitious appearance of the subject. May the Lord help me to feel more fit for heaven myself, and may he bless the subject to the Christians who heard me, as well as the address, at the end, to the unconverted. As for me, I long for that Sabbath to begin which shall never end. If I

do not greatly deceive myself, I long to depart and be with Christ at times; yet I trust I am willing to abide in the flesh for many years, if it shall be his will. Whether I live, I live unto the Lord, or whether I die, I die unto the Lord; so that, living and dying, I am the Lord's. This is my rule. May Christ, by his spirit, help me to make it my practice. It is a blessed state to be in."

"November 12, 1845. Alas for the frailties of my mortal state! Rather, alas for my sins! How low are my attainments! How cold my heart!

"I have been living a good deal in mind of eternity and God, and to a considerable degree sensible of the transitory character and worthlessness of earthly things compared with heavenly.

"I want particularly and especially *penitence*, with the peculiar humility and love that spring therefrom. No intellectual view of Christ's all-sufficiency and my own helplessness will suffice. I long to come afresh to Jesus, with a contrite heart, and find peace and pardon in him, to cling to him as my all in all, and realize his relation to me as *my* Saviour. I count all things but loss, even

what things were gain to me; study—a sense of the goodness of God's providence and the emptiness of the world—all things whatsoever, so that I may be found *in Christ*, 'not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of *God by faith*.'"

"Saturday night, November 15, 1845. Finished a sermon this morning for to-morrow, on the subject suggested by the preceding remarks. May the Lord accompany it with his blessing! I have reason to think my preaching, thus far, has been profitable in some degree to Christians, but I have not heard of its awakening, or determining, one unconverted soul. Is it my fault?

"Our family devotions were prolonged into a prayer-meeting, preparatory to the communion of the morrow. Felt my coldness greatly, as we were about to begin, and found my necessities delightfully anticipated and my wishes expressed in our first hymn—'Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove.' Prayed aloud for the presence of the Spirit, and that we might be enabled to cast ourselves simply on Jesus. Dr. C. made some remarks on the apostle's inquiring, 'Lord, is it I?' He said that though

we were told of the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, and though we ought to have that hope, which is an anchor to the soul, yet every Christian should fear that he might be one who would betray Christ. Each one of us ought to ask himself the question—Am I betraying him by my sloth or lukewarmness; my worldliness or pride? The fall of the Christian begins in his closet—is next seen in his family, and afterwards becomes known to the world. Warnings on this subject are never out of place. May the Lord search my heart and show me if I am deceiving myself, or declining in religion.

"Felt very happy to see this house thus turned into a house of God, and I record this account not only for my present improvement, but that I may learn from it to make, and seize upon special seasons of devotion.

"As for my own heart—the great concern for me—it is cold and dead. I find it out in my private devotions. I know and understand, but do not feel. My views of myself and of my Saviour, of my vileness, and his preciousness are intellectual. I am not melted with sorrow and glowing with love and burning with zeal. I know it is a great privilege to come to the

holy supper, but I do not *realize* it to be so. I can but deplore the neglect and sin which have brought me into this condition, and entreat the Lord to have mercy on my soul and bring about some change by his Spirit, for Christ's sake—because Christ deserves it, and not because I do."

"Monday morning, November 17, 1845. Had a profitable communion yesterday, I trust, though less opportunity of private devotion than I could have desired. Was enabled to preach with comfort and earnestness in the morning. Am very desirous of the help of the Spirit in my employments—spiritual, intellectual and corporeal—this week. O Lord, may the week be profitably spent, and may I grow in grace and be able better to advance the interests of thy kingdom in my own soul and in the world around me! Grant this, for thy Son's sake. Amen."

"Friday night, 28th. We took tea at Mrs. B——s. After tea Dr. C. made some remarks preparatory to social worship, on the effect of prosperity on the Christian's heart, and said Christians needed some trial or sorrow to keep them near to God, and they could not tell what would become of them

without it. He gave the following very good illustration of the bad effects of prosperity Many years ago there was a widow in B—— who kept a small school. She was in straightened circumstances, but a Christian, and it was her custom to have a prayer-meeting in her rooms, which Dr. C. and a few others attended. The meetings were continued, the number of attendants increased; this drew attention to the widow, and increased the number of her acquaintances, and finally of her scholars. At length she enlarged her school so much that she had an assistant and was able to hire the whole of a very good house. She began to grow indifferent to the prayer-meetings, and in the end said plainly that it was not convenient to hold them any longer.

"The Lord preserve me from forsaking his ways! I am too worldly and lukewarm. Oh, how sadly I linger in the way to heaven. I fain would mend my pace, and it will be my own fault if I do not. May Christ help me by his Spirit!"

It would appear to us that Mr. Duy had an almost prophetic view of the near approach of the angel of death, and in the following,

well as in many other extracts, expresses his desire to be ready to meet the Lord at his coming.

"December 31, 1845. On Christmas day, at a quarter before five, P. M., I left for Philadelphia, and, after being detained on the road, reached home at about half-past eleven, so that I was once more enabled to see my beloved family on that anniversary. After spending a few days most delightfully with them, I returned this morning, laden with fresh experience of the mercies of God.

"The last hours of the year are flying away. I may not live to finish another. My friends may not, if I should. Who can tell what afflictions and bereavements are in store? God of mercy help us! My unprofitableness *deserves* rebuke. I may *need* the discipline of the chastening rod. O for grace to bear the will of God!

"I know not what events lie in the coming year for weal or wo. It will doubtless make great changes. This reminds me that 'the time is short,' and the Lord is at hand. Let me be ready at his coming. I pray for help to say what is profitable at the meeting to-night. It will be a good opportunity to ex-

hort and warn our hearers. May the Lord be with us for good!"

"Sunday evening, January 18, 1846. It seems scarcely possible that so much of this year should have elapsed without an entry in my journal. The meeting referred to in my last entry was a solemn one. I felt it to be particularly so, and was enabled to speak with feeling, but unfortunately could not write in these pages either that night or the few days following.

"This morning preached with interest for Sunday-schools, and God seems to have blessed the effort, or at any rate to open the people's hearts almost to the extent we desired. Visited old Mrs. —— after church this afternoon; talked with her, among other things, about her little grandchildren, and we knelt down with them and prayed for them. Felt it good to be there, and hoped, as I prayed, that we might all meet, the aged saint, the little ones, and myself, about the throne above, and spend an eternal Sabbath in praising the Lamb that was slain."

"February 9, 1846. Time flies with incredible rapidity; but I trust it brings me nearer to Heaven as it flies. I have had much

spiritual peace of late, in which I hope I am not deceiving myself. I think I now experience what it is to have the spirit of adoption, and to cry, Abba. I feel that I love Christ. I *know* it as I know that I possess other affections. My soul is at peace, and I can say that, at times, this 'peace passeth all understanding.'

"But am I then free from sin? Would that I were. But oh how proud and corrupt is my heart! This also I feel, and know, and deplore. May God of his mercy cleanse and sanctify me. My trust is in his powerful Spirit, and I hope to be saved because his Son died to redeem me, and gave his blood a ransom for my soul. Therefore—*therefore*, I love him."

The annexed letter, which followed the one dated January 16, 1845, and is addressed to the same individual as that was, cannot be read without profit, if read with a desire for good.

"Brooklyn, February 18th, 1846.

"My dear Cousin,

"More than a year since, I wrote to you with great plainness and freedom on that subject which I consider of the greatest possible importance to you, as I deeply feel it to be

to myself—the subject of personal religion. I thank you for receiving my letter so kindly; and though I have never had an answer, the state of your health has been such as to prevent you from writing; so that I am far from imputing your silence to any thing like neglect. It was my expectation that I should, before this time, have had opportunities of conversing with you on the subject I then wrote about; but I have seen you seldom since then, and the opportunities have not offered themselves. But I cannot persuade myself to be silent, and have determined once more to address you by letter, that I may urge upon you the importance of taking some decided stand in this all-important matter.

"I know that what I said to you a year ago occasioned you many serious thoughts. Recall, if you are able, all that you felt about that time with reference to your soul; especially what our dear uncle (now, we trust, in heaven) said to you on his death-bed, and what you then resolved, or half resolved, to do. Were you not more than once on the very point of giving yourself up, soul and body, in private and in public, solemnly and sincerely, to the service of Christ? I do not ask

you this, for the purpose of reproaching you with inconstancy and fickleness. God forbid! My object is far different. I would only make you sensible of the extent to which divine grace was given you, and the Holy Spirit was striving with you. But it was in vain. The one great and decided step, I fear, was not taken.

"God did not give you up. He was then drawing you by mercies and trials. In love for your soul, he caused your trials to be increased. To mention nothing else:—What was the design of all the sickness you have had, but to bring you to choose the side of the Lord? If, during the many days and weeks when you have been confined to your bed or your chamber, you have had serious thoughts of God, and religion, and eternity, rest assured that they were not the work of chance. They were designed for your good, by our heavenly Father. They were put into your mind by his own blessed Spirit.

"And now he has, in a measure, withdrawn the rod of affliction, and has not only restored you to a better state of health, but given you, in his great goodness, a gift, for which I hope and pray you may have cause to thank him all the days of your life. I know you look

upon that dear child, over which your heart is rejoicing, as a boon beyond all value, a treasure that no language can estimate. Remember that, inestimable as it is, it came from the Lord.

"What, then, I ask, will you render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards you? What shall be the effect of all his dispensations? Shall he afflict you in vain, and multiply your blessings for nought? O, try not his patience another year! He has borne with you heretofore, but he may do it no longer. Or if he should, he may use means to bring you to himself, at the very thought of which your soul would sink within you. And if you would not put off repentance and the devotion of yourself to God for another *year*, I ask you not to put it off for another *day;* for one day steals on after another, and a year flies by before you are aware of its flight. You did not mean, a year ago, that so long a time should elapse before you decided this matter. You would not venture now deliberately to put it off another year; for life is too uncertain. Why, then, put it off *at all?* Is not God's command for this present time? '*Now* is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation.

To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.'

"I beg you to read once more my former letter, (if you still have it,) and see how strongly the claims of religion, as there presented, will urge themselves on your attention. I will conclude by stating what it is that I am so anxious to have you do. It is to repent of your sins, and humbly seek forgiveness for Christ's sake, and because he made an atonement by dying for you on the cross. It is to renounce all sin, and give yourself up wholly and entirely—all that you have, and all that you are—all that you can be, and all that you can do, to the Redeemer of your soul; and henceforth love and serve him supremely, and live for him and his glory. It is to be baptized, as he has commanded, and thus openly profess his name, and join yourself to his followers. It is to commemorate his dying love in the way of his own appointment at the holy supper. It is to become an open and decided friend of Christ; to be wholly on the Lord's side; to make no compromise with self or the world; and henceforth to live a life of prayer and faith, setting your affection on things above, and laying up treasure in heaven. Then you will be ready

to live and ready to die. In health and in sickness, in prosperity and in adversity, you will have that 'peace which passeth all understanding,' and 'which the world can neither give nor take away.' I have not room, I have not words, to say all that I believe and know of the blessedness of belonging to the Lord, and resting, as a redeemed sinner, on the abounding mercy of God in Christ. But, believe me, there are few things which would give me such pleasure, and occasion such gratitude in my heart, as to see you and yours devoted to his cause, and surrendered to his will. God grant that it may be so, for his dear Son's sake!

"With many wishes and prayers for your present and eternal happiness, I remain,

"Sincerely and affectionately yours,

"Albert W. Duy.

"P. S. Should you feel able to write to me, a letter would give me great satisfaction. Of course I shall be glad to write to you again, and more fully, on this subject, or any thing connected with it, if you desire me to do so."

We make a few more extracts from Mr. Duy's papers, and with them conclude this part of his memoir.

"Ash Wednesday, February 25, 1846. Strange that this morning, when I had hoped for deeper spirituality, I should be more cold and dead than for some time past. For a couple of months I have been more alive to divine things than for a long time—I might almost say than ever before; but *now* I cannot *feel* my sinfulness however I *know* it, and my prayers seem as if not one syllable of them came from the heart. I can only look upon God for help. This may be the work of the devil. He is permitted to have power over me. O Thou, who, as at this time, was tempted in the wilderness, deliver me from the adversary, for thou wast tempted that thou mightest succour them that are tempted. Jesus, I cast myself on thee. My coldness grieves me. There is no merit in my groans and sighs. The very absence of them may drive me to thee; and in thee I am safe."

"March 11, 1846. * * * My heart is cold in devotions, and has been so for some days. *Why*, I can hardly tell. But should I not resolve to seek the shining of God's countenance instantly, and pray *until* I have a blessing, even if it be for hours together? I rarely persevere in prayer for a considerable time with-

out being rewarded by the experience of love and joy in my heart. But oh, how little perseverance in prayer have I practised! I want spiritual blessings, and God will be inquired of for these things. To prayer and the study of his word let me then address myself."

We have traced the workings of this young and devoted Christian's mind, as he has himself expressed them, from the period of his boyhood, through his collegiate life, his seminary course, and through the few months of his ministry, to near the time of his translation to that world for which he felt such longing aspirations. It is with sadness that we now proceed to copy the last entry from that journal, whose pages are registered on the record-book above, and sealed up against the great day of reckoning.

"Monday morning, March 30, 1846. After a season of coldness, I am again somewhat revived. 'He restoreth my soul.'* Perhaps my mother's sickness may have been the means of renewing my spirituality. It has made me pray more for her and for all of us. But there have been other causes. I may go

* Ps. xxiii. 3.

back to Friday, the 20th instant. In the morning of that day, just before going into church, I learned that my sermon of the preceding Sunday, on 'Quench not the Spirit,' had been blessed to the good of ——. I had reason to think it had produced some good effect before, and this instance, together with the manifest evidences of a general working of the Holy Spirit among our people, caused me to go to church with a heart greatly touched by gratitude and love. I thought what a privilege it was that I should be allowed to minister for the good of souls. After prayers, I went to see Mr. ——, sick of consumption, and found him much worse in body, but better in spirit, professing, for the first time, some hope in Christ. I was rejoiced—thought my instructions had been blessed, and my prayers heard. Prayed with him with much satisfaction, and bade him farewell, thinking I should not see him on my return from Norwich. When I returned he was in his grave. My stay in Norwich was pleasant, and I felt thankful that I could preach the gospel there three times. May God bless the effort!

"The continued signs of interest in our parish have led me to look back on our prayers

and labours, and to acknowledge this as the answer and the reward.

"Prayed on Thursday morning for the sweet and abiding influences of the Spirit, and enjoyed them in the evening, as I felt by the state of my mind. Had religious conversation with ——, and found it delightful. Saturday morning, had a letter from home, saying that my mother was much worse. Felt greatly concerned, and was driven to prayer. Saturday night, attended a meeting of the candidates for confirmation, and trust I was profited.

"Sunday morning.—Confirmation. Witnessed it with the deepest satisfaction. Received a letter which relieved my mind about my mother's illness. Enjoyed the devotions of the sanctuary with some gratitude in my heart. Preached; and again at night in New York to the young. Rev. Mr. Messenger's* illness, and apparent nearness to death, affected me; and I returned with a deep experience of the value of religion, the blessedness of serving God, the uncertainty of life, the riches

* The Rev. Mr. Messenger, here mentioned, died in Brooklyn, but a short time before the decease of Mr. Duy.

of grace in the gospel, and the peace which passeth all understanding."

What thoughts could have been more fitting for one who was so soon to realize all this—so soon to see God face to face, and be filled to satisfaction with the riches of his grace?

Among Mr. Duy's papers we find the following, which, though without date, appears to have been written just before his death.

SUNDAY EVENING THOUGHTS.

"The Sabbath is waning. To how many will it prove their last on earth! To how many will it be the last for all eternity! To some may it not be their last, and yet the beginning of one brighter and better and more enduring?

"What if this week should bring me to my end! Should I go to enjoy the rest of heaven?

"I hope that by the grace of Christ it would be so.

"I have preached the gospel. Lord, let me not be a cast-away!

"O, Almighty Spirit, go with thy power to the hearts of those who heard me, and convert them, for Christ's sake. Amen!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE CLOSING SCENES OF HIS LIFE.

On Monday, the 13th of April, Mr. Duy arrived at his father's house in Philadelphia, apparently in perfect health. On Wednesday evening he preached in St. Andrew's church; and on Thursday, in writing to a friend, he says of his sermon, "It was rather a poor performance, except that it was the *gospel*. Truly may we say, 'We have this *treasure* in earthen vessels.'"

In this letter, which was his last work, he makes this remark, which will serve to show how even and uneventful was his life: "Wonderful as it is, I have never been disappointed; and here I am once more, by the goodness of God, with my family, under the paternal roof." Little did he imagine, when he penned those words, that he had come home—to die. And when he wrote what proved to be the close of the letter—"I think I shall suspend until to-morrow,"—he dreamed not that that sentence

was the last he should ever write, and that all intercourse with his friend would be suspended until they should meet in another world.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Duy complained of a slight feeling of illness, and, after some simple remedies were administered, he appeared to be relieved of his pain, and slept a little through the night; but on Friday morning his disease assumed a more violent form, and medical advice was obtained. On Saturday, although some anxiety was felt by the family, immediate danger was not apprehended.

On Sunday morning, April 19th, Mr. Duy's attendants perceived some change in his appearance, and he himself expressed a desire to say something, or to write, but was unable to do so, and composed himself as if for sleep. The family gathered around the bed, and at half-past six o'clock, without a sigh or a groan, this devoted young minister, at the age of twenty-three years, passed away to the spirit-land. He went to join the company of the redeemed.

As his life had been marked by no peculiarly striking events, so was his death—gently and peacefully he sank into the arms of Jesus.

His disease was of that nature that no human foresight could prevent, no human skill relieve It was an aggravated case of mesenteric hernia, or strangulation of the intestine; and all that can be said is, that his time had come, his bright career on earth was finished, his well-spent probation closed; he had fought a good fight—and was not; for God took him. The fruit was ripe, and the husbandman gathered it into the garner.

It was Mr. Duy's intention once more to have proclaimed the message of salvation, once more to have pleaded in his Saviour's name. He had selected a sermon to preach in Grace Church on the morning of his death, on this subject: "The king of terrors conquered, or deliverance from the fear of death." But before the time had come for its delivery, the beloved and faithful ambassador of the cross had himself met the king of terrors, and been rescued for ever from the bondage of sin and the dread of death. Who that considers the peaceful departure of our friend, can but pray, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

On Tuesday afternoon, April 21st, in the

same church* where Mr. Duy was baptized, confirmed, ordained, preached his first and his last sermons, his funeral rites were performed by the Rev. Thomas M. Clark, the rector, the Rev. Mr. Bedell, the Rev. Dr. Tyng, and the Rev. Dr. Cutler, with whom, as assistant minister of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, Mr. Duy was associated. An appropriate address was made on the occasion by the Rev. Dr. Tyng.

The hymn, "Vital spark of heavenly flame," was sung, and the anthem, "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write," was performed; after which, in the presence of thirty of his brethren in the ministry, the parents and family of the deceased, and many others, all whose hearts were swollen with the deepest sorrow, the loved and lamented one's remains were deposited in the silent tomb, whence "the bodies of those who sleep in Jesus shall be raised, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump."

"Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

* St. Andrew's, Philadelphia.

"Ye again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life has fled;
Then with joy in heaven to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed."

From the funeral sermon, preached on the Sunday following Mr. Duy's death, by the Rev. T. M. Clark, we make the following extract:

"There are certain peculiarities in his religious character and history, to which we would direct special attention. *He grew up* as a disciple of Christ. He has been heard to say, that he never knew the time when he did not love God. Almost from his very infancy, he was a child of prayer. He never entertained a thought of any other calling but that of a minister of Christ.

"Another peculiarity in the spiritual character of our departed brother, and one intimately connected with his early devotion to Christ, was this—his religion appeared to be a settled, steady, uniform principle of life, carried out into all the details of duty, and affecting his whole temper and conversation. It was not a thing of impulse; he appears to have been subjected to none of those spasmodic variations of feeling, by which one is sometimes lifted up to the clouds and again

buried in the deep; but there was a calm, confident, cheerful reliance upon Christ, as upon one whom he had long and intimately known, and who had always led him through green pastures and beside still waters. Religion, *as he lived it*, seemed attractive and lovely; repulsive only to such as hate holiness for its own sake. There was in him no moroseness, no bitterness, no littleness, and bigotry, no partial and one-sided notions of duty. He brought no railing accusation, not even against those most deeply set in error and unbelief. His views of doctrine were clear and decided: he received the great system of evangelical truth in its simplicity, and he defended that truth with modesty and gentleness. He thought that the surest way to check the advance of error, was by the distinct setting forth of positive truth, rather than by direct contention with falsehood. Upon being requested to preach against a certain prevalent heresy, he replied, that he would do so as soon as he had time to stop preaching the gospel. In all his preparations for the pulpit, his great and leading desire and purpose was to set forth Christ and him crucified. * *

"His short and bright career has closed.

It only remains for us to bow with submission to the decree of Him who is the Arbiter of life and death. To those who are called to mourn, there is given the great comfort of knowing that 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' There is joy in heaven when another redeemed and ransomed soul is received into the angelic circle; why should such an event be marked only by tears and cries of anguish here on earth! What would be our feelings, if, instead of passing through the grave and gate of death, our friends were visibly translated to heaven, borne thither, like Elijah, in chariots of fire! Could we not sing the song of triumph, as they thus ascended to the bosom of their God! And why may we not rejoice, when we can believe that angels have come down to escort the disenthralled spirit from its dying tenement of clay up to the kingdom of glory? Sorrow we may, and we must, over the sad breach in the domestic circle, and the sudden disruption of the fondest ties; but we sorrow not as those without hope. We have a song even in the night of affliction. We rejoice for him who has gone hence, while we mourn for those who are left behind."

What was Mr. Duy's course as a ministe-

of the gospel, will best be learned from the testimony of one, whose assistant he was, and in whose family he felt it his happy privilege to dwell. The Rev. Dr. Cutler, in a discourse on the character of the departed, after pointing out those peculiarities which mark a faithful preacher of the word, says:

"Now, I have been greatly mistaken, if your late assistant minister did not pursue the course which I have pointed out.

"If the truth of God, as revealed in the Scriptures, was not the substance of his discourses; nay, if the most prominent doctrines of the gospel, namely, those pronounced 'evangelical,' were not, in some form or other, the subject of all his teaching; and if the last sermon which he ever wrote and preached did not illustrate his principles and practice, the text of which was, 'I determined not to know any thing among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified;'* what was it which insured for these discourses that serious attention with which they were always received? What was it which drew the young hither to hear him, and fastened their minds for a longer

* 1 Cor. ii. 2.

time than common upon old truths, familiar truths, and disagreeable truths, forbidding truths? What was it, which, while it fastened the attention of the young, awakened the admiration and surprise of the old, the wise, the experienced, the thoroughly instructed, who heard them? What was it which always edified your pastor, always won his approbation, and now, by its loss, makes him a deep and heartfelt mourner? We are not strangers here to the ministrations of able ministers of the New Testament. Bishops and other chief ministers of the church have spoken from time to time from this place, and yet I am ready to say, that it was always with the most respectful attention, and often heartfelt joy, that your late assistant minister was heard; and many and many a thanksgiving has been offered to God, that he had raised up for us so 'good' and so 'faithful' a steward.

"You will anticipate my conclusion from this, that nothing short of a strong and vigorous intellect, rendered, by culture, capable of clear discrimination, correct analysis, and happy combinations, could effect this. I attached far more importance to the heart than to the head of my fellow-labourer. *There* the

power of divine grace had been most evidently at work. But the task which his heart set for his head was well performed. You are not lacking in sagacity, and you often discovered, both in his public labours and general conversation, a familiarity with other topics besides those derived from the truth of God. There were times, too, when a deep current of refined moral sentiment appeared, and the pictures of a delicate imagination were revealed; and there were other occasions when some dependence was placed upon human learning stored in his memory. But neither human learning, however imposing, nor moral sentiment, however inspiring, nor the pictures of imagination, however captivating, could conquer and control his thinking powers. He seemed to say,—with one of old, from the height of his holy mind,—'I am doing a great work,—so that I cannot *come down*.' * *

"I have spoken, as yet, only of the solemn determination of my beloved colleague to confine your attention within the sacred circle of God's revealed truth, and of his presentation of that in such a sober gravity of style, as he supposed the Holy Ghost would favour with his accompanying influences. But I have

another particular to notice in his professional labours. It is their strictly scriptural character. By this I mean, that he viewed the religion of Christ simply as affording immediate relief to a fallen race. He looked upon men as guilty, condemned, and exposed to the wrath of God; and he considered Christ as bringing in a perfect, finished, and practical salvation. Now, I am greatly mistaken, if any man makes this discovery, but one who is, in a special sense, taught of God; and if any minister adheres to this instruction, unless he has been 'called of God, as were Aaron' and St. Paul."* * * *

In the same sermon, the one grand theme of our beloved brother's public ministrations is thus alluded to: "But sure I am, that come what might,—come weal, come wo,—he had determined not to 'know any thing' among men but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.' No man who heard him doubted to what class of preachers he belonged. His hearers might have differed respecting the particular structure which was given to some of his discourses, and that they would do, according to

* Heb. v. 4.

their different tastes and habits of thought. But whenever he rose in this place to preach, the doctrines of the cross of Christ were alone expected as his theme." * * *

"But, who of you, my beloved friends, will not join me in exclaiming to the spirit of our departed friend, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things.' What effects bonds and imprisonment might have produced, we cannot say; but the high and independent stand which had been taken, and that after long and patient study and sound Christian instruction, and the obvious heaven-ward tendency of his mind, leave little doubt that your assistant minister would not only have remained a firm advocate for evangelical doctrines, but in time would have become an able champion and defender of the faith. My own opinion is, and has often been expressed, that his predilections were rather for the further study of theology, as a science and a profession, than for the popular communication of it, in which he was engaged. His destiny appeared to me to be the theological seminary, rather than the pulpit. But he was, I am convinced, entirely resigned to his Master's disposal,—and, whe-

ther in the pulpit or the professor's chair, or amidst the miscellaneous occupations of a missionary to the heathen, he would have shone as a light in the world. He was indeed 'a burning and shining light; and ye were willing, for a season, to rejoice in his light.'*

"But I should greatly wrong the character of this man of God, if I did not speak of the piety of his heart, as well as of the submission of his will to the divine purposes, and the faithful occupation of his mind in the things of God.

"He was 'a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost.' His piety was discovered in the *spirit* which pervaded his discourses. There appear to be three requisites in order to form a good and faithful preacher: first, that the substance of his sermons should be the revealed truth of God; secondly, that the management of truth should be according to the analogy of faith, or that he should preach that truth as the apostles preached it; and thirdly, that the cast and moulding of his work should be spiritual, and not merely didactic, exegetical, expository, or controversial. But in this

* John v. 35.

last requisite there are two particulars: one is the general spirituality of his discourses,—marking the obvious tendency of his thoughts, and secondly, the fidelity of his aim and the earnestness of his efforts to secure the salvation of souls." * * *

"Now, I suppose that some may be found who have sagacity enough to select the faithful style of preaching, because it is the most effectual, and, in time, the most profitable for even the preacher's temporal interests,—and, while they 'cry aloud and spare not,' are manifestly wanting in a Christian spirit. I have no particular persons in view in making this remark. But I can suppose such a case, just as I can imagine a shrewd and worldly man arriving at that pitch of sagacity, and at that knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, that he will give largely and liberally of his substance to Christian charities, because he sees that God will repay such bestowments with an abundant interest.

"But such was not the spirituality of your late minister. It was spontaneous. It was because his very heart and mind had been new cast in a spiritual mould by the same Almighty power that first created them.

"*He* felt that he must treat a subject in a spiritual way, and he must press Divine truth on the consciences and hearts of men, because 'a dispensation of the gospel was committed to him,'* and because he longed for men's salvation. He did not study out the most attractive way of preaching,—but he delivered up his powers to be occupied and guided by God's Holy Spirit. He abounded in acts of private and social devotion. He lived, and walked, and moved, and studied, amidst what?—NOT appearances, not surrounding and acknowledged relations, but amidst the eternal realities of man's spiritual and immortal being; and hence the piety of his discourses was but the piety of his heart, the natural fruit of regenerated affections, consecrated by God, the Holy Ghost, to the work of the ministry.

"But, my brethren, you must not infer from what has been said, that the attributes which belonged to my fellow-labourer, and which fitted him in a peculiar manner for his public and sacred office, unfitted him also for the endearments of private intercourse. I

* 1 Cor. ix. 17.

have rarely met with such different traits of character as were to be seen in him. I do not mean that there was any thing inconsistent with a Christian spirit in his ordinary intercourse. Far, very far from it. I can here say, before God, and before you, that during nearly a year's most intimate intercourse with him, nothing ever appeared in his private life to lessen the effect of his public labours. This is a mere negative declaration; much of a positive kind might safely be averred.

"He was in private affable, pleasing, humble, quiet, gentle, and unassuming; and it was evident to all who observed him in both spheres, that it required the excitements of his holy office to warm up and call into exercise the noble qualities of his highly gifted soul.

"I have now completed a brief and rapid outline of the professional character of your late Assistant Minister. I have attempted this, first, for the gratification and consolation of his relatives, instructors, and numerous absent friends; and, secondly, for the purpose of presenting him as an example to those of his youthful hearers, who have not as yet taken up their cross and determined to follow

Christ. Here was a youth but twenty-three years of age, who was born in a large commercial city, and exposed to every temptation, who had passed through the school, graduated at the college, and taken his diploma at the theological seminary,—without a blot, without a fault, and with the highest testimonials from his instructors. Here was a youth, ordained for the ministry, and settled in an important field, and who had made 'full proof of his ministry,'* preaching in season and out of season, in the temple and from house to house,—preaching after careful study and preparation, and preaching when called so to do with little or no especial preparation,—preaching and praying from the warm affections and well-regulated sentiments of his heart and mind,—after three-quarters of a year of trial, departing with the love, the admiration, and veneration of the church and of a whole Christian community."

The sensation produced by this sudden visitation of Providence, wherever Mr. Duy was known, was very great. In his native

* 2 Tim. iv. 5.

city, at the Theological Seminary, upon the congregation to which he ministered, did the blow fall heavily.

A letter from the Seminary of Virginia, addressed to the parents of our departed friend, says:

"The intelligence of his departure came like a stroke of thunder upon us. We were stunned, and all hearts saddened. The reference to his death in our meeting for prayer brought profound seriousness on every heart, and many sincere tears of grief.

"You may be comforted in your honoured son, for God has honoured him by an early call to the heavenly inheritance. While you bow under the heavy affliction, see in it the purpose of a gracious covenant God. It may be the means of a peculiar blessing to you and all your house. If we received no chastisement from the hands of God, we should lack one of the strongest proofs of being his children."

One who had an opportunity of knowing how Mr. Duy was esteemed in Brooklyn, thus writes:

"The sudden and unexpected death of your much-loved and interesting son, has

thrown a feeling of deep despondency over our congregation, and caused us all most forcibly to feel the uncertain tenure with which we hold all our earthly blessings." * *

"I can assure you that in the severe and distressing affliction, into which you and your family have been brought, you have the heartfelt sympathies of the members of St. Ann's. The greatness of your loss, we all know and feel, and if the knowledge that your son had gathered around him the strong and ardent affections of our people, will afford you any consolation in this bitter trial, I can assure you that such was the fact to a degree unusual. He came among us an entire stranger, and took the place of one, who, from various causes, was deservedly esteemed by us, yet from the first day of his labours with us, till his last sermon on Easter afternoon, he had constantly improved in the ability and faithfulness of his ministrations, and grown in the affections of our people. His coming in and going out before us have been that of a constant, humble Christian, and his sermons were truthful, discriminating and faithful, just such as our church, in this her time of trial, needs. *This* view of the subject has caused us all to feel that his

removal was indeed a dark dispensation of our heavenly Father. To us as a congregation his loss was great, but to the church at large it was far greater, and our only consolation is, that the church is in His hands, who has promised 'that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Some of us thought that we could plainly see in him the evidence that in future years he was to become one of its strong supporting pillars, and from Sabbath to Sabbath, as his labours increased, we remarked to one another, God has given us and our church a great blessing.

"But oh! how soon and suddenly removed. That it may be sanctified to us, all of us have not ceased to pray."

The clergy of the city of Brooklyn, as well as the vestry of St. Ann's church, also bear testimony to the worth of Mr. Duy, and express a deep sense of their affliction in the resolutions which they passed at their meetings, but we cannot here insert them.

And now our work is done. The sketch we have drawn we are sure will not be deemed an extravagant eulogy. Those who knew our friend as the writer knew him, will agree with us that no undeserved praise has here

been bestowed. Nay, the picture is very far from complete; the strong peculiarities of the departed can only be known by those who were favoured with his friendship and his love.

Let all follow him as he followed Christ, and when they shall be called to enter upon another state of being, they too will hear the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The following lines appeared in the Episcopal Recorder soon after Mr. Duy's death, and are by the Rev. C. W. Thompson.

"They shall see the end of the wise, and shall not understand what God in his counsel hath decreed of him, and to what end the Lord hath set him in safety."

Brother! when last we parted,
How little thought I then,
That thou shouldst reach the spirit-land
Ere we two met again.

As cheerfully I listened,
To thy word of kind farewell,
How little deemed I, the next sound
Should be thy funeral knell.

God's ways—O how mysterious
To man's poor, finite mind—
The strong young warrior is discharged,
The frail one left behind.

He, of the bright, bold weapon,
Is ordered from the field,
While I am kept among the foes,
My rusty spear to wield.

Soon has he doffed his harness,
Young soldier of the cross;
The gain is his—the Church below
May well bemoan her loss.

O may his early exit
Revive us for the fight,
And teach us "what we find to do,
To do it with our might."

For soon the flag of battle
No more will o'er us wave,
And we shall slumber too, like him,
In silence and the grave.

For the sake of days, my brother,
By-gone days I've passed with thee—
For the sake of scenes where we communed,
When summer robed her tree:

The quiet haunts of study,
The happy home of prayer—
For the sake of these, and those warm hearts,
That gathered round us there;

In memory of past moments
To thought and feeling dear,
I drop upon thy blessed grave
The tribute of my tear.

For when the good is gathered
In mercy to the skies,
He only lays aside his load,
"'Tis the survivor dies."

Brother, when last we parted,
The parting was well made;
Thou art gone before to victory,
Our conquest is delayed.

But we'll meet again, my brother,
When time has passed away,
And meet, we trust, to part no more,
In everlasting day.

There God shall give his blessing
When grace's work is done,
And make us more than conquerors,
Through Jesus Christ his Son.

APPENDIX.

PRAYERS.

From several prayers written by the Rev. Mr. Duy, for various occasions, we select the following. They serve to show the fervour and intenseness of his devotional spirit, and his deep sense of guilt and dependence.

MORNING PRAYER. SUNDAY.

Almighty and everlasting God! my heavenly Father! I appear before thee on the morning of thy holy day, to offer the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, and to ask thy blessing upon the hours which thou hast hallowed. Blessed be thy great name, that thou hast given us the Sabbath; that thou hast spared me again to behold it; that thou hast given me health and comfort, wherewith I may spend it in outward peace; and that thou hast placed me in a land of light and liberty, where the gospel is preached, and the privileges of the sanctuary may be enjoyed without danger, or fear of persecution.

Wilt thou be with me, O Lord! this day, when no eye but thine can see me. Wilt thou bless my

private hours; help me to spend them in thy fear and to thy glory and my soul's good. Preserve my heart from all wandering thoughts, all unholy desires, and all inordinate affections. Keep me humble at the thought of my sins, and grateful in view of thy mercies. Direct and control my meditations, and manifest thyself to my soul by thy Holy Spirit. May my employments be all ordered aright; may my heart be fixed on thee, and may it be my delight to do thy will, O Lord. I also pray thee to bless me in the reading and studying of thy revealed word; may I love it and make it the man of my counsel. O, let it be sweeter to me than honey, and more precious than hid treasure. May I read it with a sincere heart, and, through the help of the Spirit, learn and receive what thou hast been pleased to reveal.

I beseech thee, also, to assist me in my intercourse with my fellow-creatures. May I be meek, and mild, and charitable, as becometh a disciple of the holy Jesus. Set a watch at the door of my lips, that I offend not with my tongue. Preserve me from all unseemly conversation; from all unbecoming levity; and from every thing either in word or deed which is inconsistent with the sanctity of this day, or which might grieve the Holy Spirit, and cause him to leave my heart or the heart of my neighbour.

Be with me, O God! while I am in thy house. Preserve me from wandering thoughts during any of the services; and may my heart, as well as my mind, be engaged in them. May I join devoutly in the prayers and praises of the congregation; may I listen with meekness and attention to the

reading of the holy Scriptures; and when the gospel is preached, may I receive it in a proper spirit. Help me to look upon the minister as an ambassador of the Lord, and knowing his high office, may I have grace to abstain from all improper thoughts or remarks concerning him. Oh help me to lay aside a critical spirit, and to hear what is said, not as the word of man, or the wisdom of man, but as a message from the Lord.

The same blessings that I ask for myself, I ask also for others, especially for all my Christian friends, wherever they may be. And oh have mercy on the impenitent; particularly upon those who are endeared to me by the ties of kindred or friendship, but who are still out of Christ! Bring thy truth home to their hearts this day with power, and give them an interest in the saving blood of Christ.

Wherever thy people are gathered together this day, O Lord! there do thou be with them to bless them. Wherever thy gospel is preached according to thy will, there may the Holy Spirit be given to accompany it to the hearts of the hearers. Bless the ministers of the gospel this day; give them zeal and devotion, and love; strengthen, support, and comfort them. Especially I ask it for my own pastor—that thou wouldst cause thy Spirit to descend abundantly upon him; and for the church with which I am connected—that many may be added to it of such as shall be saved, and that its members may have thy blessing, and the outpouring of thy heavenly grace.

This prayer I offer up, beseeching thee to grant these and all other needful or convenient things to me and mine, not for my sake, but only because

of the infinite merit and all-prevailing intercession of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, through whom, and to whom, with thee, O Father! and thee, O Holy Ghost! I now ascribe, as is most justly due, all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

MORNING PRAYER. TUESDAY.

Almighty God, the searcher of hearts, help me to feel how completely my heart is laid bare to thee. Thou knowest whether I love thee or no. Thou canst see if any secret sin is lurking within. Cleanse the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that I may perfectly love thee and worthily magnify thy holy name through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O my Maker, thou Creator of all men and all worlds, infinite, omnipotent, unsearchable, I adore thee from the dust! Show me my meanness and unworthiness. Help me to feel how little I am in thy universe, how small thy universe is to thine omniscient mind,—and so may I worship thee in a complete surrender of my will to thee. Help me to have no will but thine, and in a sense of thy greatness, to say, "Thy will be done."

Yet, O my Father, thou dost tenderly love me. Thou who didst make me by the word of thy power, didst redeem me by the blood of thy Son O my reconciled Father in Christ, I would draw near to thee in him, and breathe out my love for thee. Fill my soul with it, and teach me to express it unto thee. O my Saviour, what mercy hast thou shown unto me, who, if I was created nearer to thee than brute beasts, did by my sins

sink myself below them. Jesus I am thine; bought by thy blood—redeemed with thy life. Every thought, wish, act, moment, affection belongs to thee. Take me to be thine alone. Help me to make this a *real* sacrifice. May I keep back nothing.

Send forth thy Holy Spirit, O Lord, to enlighten, to strengthen, to sanctify me. Greatly do I need the gift. Have mercy upon me, O Lord. Keep me from sin this day. May my hours be spent in thy service; may my affections be set on things above; may I live for heaven, and have my thoughts there.

Bless me in my studies; may they all be conducted with a single eye to thy glory. Help me especially in writing my sermon; may it be a blessing to those who hear, and to me likewise. Bless my preaching, and always accompany it with thy Spirit, without which it will be of no avail whatever. Keep in the minds of thy people the truth preached last Sunday. Have mercy on those who still continue impenitent, and convert them in thine own good time.

Bless my Christian friends, my dear parents, my brothers and sisters, my pious relatives, the members of this family, and all who are joined to my heart by love, and united to Christ in faith. Keep them outwardly and inwardly. Enrich them by thy grace, and prepare them for glory.

Fill me with all Christian graces; make me humble, pure, meek, and contrite, an example to others, and a praise to thy name. Do with and for me and mine as shall seem good unto thee, and thine shall be the praise for ever. Let my

voice reach thee, and my prayer be accepted in Christ. I come in his name. Hear me for his sake. Amen.

A PRAYER TO BE USED BEFORE WRITING A SERMON.

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; thou knowest what are my motives in preparing to preach the gospel. If they are right in thine eyes, confirm them; if they are offensive to thee, pardon thy sinful servant and cleanse the thoughts of his heart by the influences of thy Holy Spirit. Enable me to study and write, not for my own glory, not that men may admire me, not even that they may praise me for exalting my Saviour; but simply and wholly that I may save sinners, edify thy people, and glorify thy name. May I feel that every thought I present, and every word I write, is seen by thee, and will be heard by thee, and must be accounted for at the bar of judgment. May I *never* preach myself, but *always* Christ Jesus, my Lord, and myself the people's servant, for Jesus' sake.

Assist me now in the choice of a subject, that I may meet the wants of the people to whom I am to preach; may my text be one which shall contain the doctrine I preach, and come home to their hearts with divine power and authority; help me to study it faithfully and successfully; strengthen my judgment and memory, that I may, by proper arguments, enforce the truth of thy

word, and by the correct use of the Scriptures, confirm what I shall myself teach; and give me such a love of thee and of immortal souls that I may write with all sincerity and earnestness what will secure the attention and affect the hearts of those who hear. May this sermon, which I am about to prepare, be of some use in advancing Christ's kingdom. I ask it in his name; and to him, with thee, O Father, and thee, O Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

This prayer should be followed by one having especial reference to the text and subject when chosen.

PRAYER BEFORE AN EXTEMPORE LECTURE.

O Lord, who hast promised thy presence and help to thy servants, I would now look unto thee for aid. Be with me when I attempt to discharge the duties of this evening, and grant that I may wisely expound and profitably apply thy Holy Scriptures. Quicken my faculties, strengthen my memory, enlighten my mind, and warm my heart. Give me bodily and mental vigour, enlarge my views of divine things, enable me to see the importance of what I utter, and let thy Spirit be with me to give efficacy to the words of my lips. May it also rest upon the congregation. May the devotions in which we hope to engage, prepare them to hear and me to preach aright; and may we all be profited by the services of this

evening. Thou knowest how inadequate are my qualifications for the work I have undertaken, but I would go forth in the name of the Lord. Thou knowest how unworthy I am to receive a blessing on my labours, but I ask it for thine own name's sake.

And to thee be all the glory in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE END.

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